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DIGEST

29th Year

January 1, 1955

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The Strange Case of Diego Rivera *by Bertram D. Wolfe*

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ARTS

DIGEST

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Associate Editor:
HILTON KRAMER

Music Editor:
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COVER: Marsden Hartley's *Painting #48* will be on exhibition at the Martha Jackson Gallery Jan. 3-29 (see review page 9). It is among those abstract pictures which he did in Berlin in 1914-15 which have never before been shown as a group.

CONTRIBUTORS: Bertram D. Wolfe, author of a biography of Diego Rivera, is a regular contributor to The New Leader, from which the present article is reprinted . . . Lionel Brett is an English architect and town-planner who has contributed art criticism to The New Republic . . . Charles H. Sawyer is chairman of the department of fine arts at Yale University . . . James N. Rosenberg is a painter and longstanding friend of the magazine.

FORTHCOMING ISSUES: A critical essay on the paintings of Turner by the poet Kenneth Rexroth . . . an article on Gertrude Stein and the Cone Collection by James Mellow . . . "The Style without a Name" by John Anthony Thwaites . . . "The Frame of Art" by Hugh Stix . . . an essay on genre painting by Gordon Bailey Washburn . . . reviews of books, music and films.

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ON VIEW FROM

JANUARY 15

Documents

The following is a letter from an artist to his dealer. The artist has written to the dealer after he has examined his work that he has decided not to have an exhibition of it as it was to be scheduled. So much at variance with the normal state of affairs in the exhibition world is this letter that it is published here for the edification of artists and dealers alike.

—Editor's Note.

Your letter was beautiful, deep and so completely, even shockingly under-
standing that I am continuously under
its effect. The decision is up to me
and causes me to lie awake at night.
It amounts to a *purely ethical* con-
sideration. It is a matter of conscience,
of inner integrity, which is the single
chief goal of my earthly aspiration.

There was a time, when I wanted
to be somebody, but that is mere suc-
cess. Achievement is far more and
there is only one kind of achievement
in this world of ours anyway. It is the
inner achievement. Feeling as I do
about a greater part of my late (this
year's) output and having submitted
everything to the severest scrutiny—
my answer must be in the negative.

To have a show, suspecting myself
of every crime which it is possible for
a weak mortal to commit, I would

lose all my self respect, if I did.
Rationalization is out of place and my
own decision shocks me suddenly.

Deep down however I feel now that
I have made the right step, which will
better enable me to distinguish, to
gather and to redeem the right from
the wrong, the true from the false,
the beautiful from the sentimental.
I receive no satisfaction from my de-
cision whatsoever except perhaps the
awareness that I am on guard against
myself and have not begun to relax
this guard.

To you my dear and intimate friend
I send my thanks and more, for your
understanding which is rare, for your
patience and willingness to put up
with people of my kind.

I was quite prepared to get a re-
action from you of a different sort. I
frankly expected you to tell me to go
and find myself another dealer. Now
that I am assured of your understand-
ing and continuous friendship I feel
more honest in having given up the
great chance I had to exhibit in your
gallery in January.

K. who is my closest companion
down here and who refused to counsel
me—agreed with my decision after I
had made it. He is a second self to me.

All my love and affection

Letters

Dept. of Encouragement

To The Editor:

I can't remember when I have last enjoyed
reading an art magazine as much as yours
of December 1.

Doris Meltzer
Director,
National Serigraph Society
New York, N. Y.

Author Protests . . .

To the Editor:

It takes genius to fire scattershot at close
range and completely miss the mark; yet
in your Boston correspondent you evidently
have just such a gift.

His review of my book, *The Lost Art*,
gets off to a flying start under the heading
"An Indictment of the Past". If for Mellow
the past is what I have in fact discussed,
namely the snobbist, ruinously successful
efforts of Renaissance painters, beginning
with Da Vinci, to raise the prestige of easel
painting at the expense of all the other
traditional mural arts, you have in him a
critic with a unique perspective.

His suggestion that I might "have made
a case, on the grounds of its close affilia-
tion with the Church, for the decline of
the stained-glass art as a consequence of
the breaking up of the medieval world
and the secularization of the West"—all
of that in a three to four thousand word
text—reveals him as a true taskmaster of
the old school. He will have none of my

visual evidence (pp. 23-37) in a visual
essay with the text kept brief, according
to the preface, "in order that the illu-
strations might have a chance to live". He
wants his Toynbee straight.

I learn that I have proposed, in his
words, the *re-establishment* of medieval
monuments; I am advised that the past
cannot be *altered*; and (after an unbecom-
ing hesitation) Mr. Mellow construes for
me a criticism of the *foresight* or lack of
it of all painters neat and messy from Da
Vinci to Picasso; implications which have
heretofore escaped other reviewers as well
as the author.

Apparently I am also constricting some-
one's admiration of both Chartres and
Picasso's *Girl Before a Mirror*. My apolo-
gies to all magpie esthetes; etc.

It is a pleasure, finally, to come to the
idea that we may perhaps transcend the
recent past, and hope to draw some good
from evil. In a statement of Kepes which
I quote, that "architecture and painting
do not meet each other today because both
are incomplete", I find just such hope for
stained glass now.

Robert Sowers
New York, N. Y.

. . . and Critic Replies

To the Editor:

Mr. Sowers' aim is evidently as good and
as gifted as my own. Had I believed the
past meant only that portion which Mr.
Sowers says he has discussed, I do not
think I would have suggested that other
considerations, among them, the breaking
continued on page 33

Enfant Terrible

On December 14 we learned to our surprise that Francis Henry Taylor's resignation had been accepted by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Our reactions are mixed. Although he was an *enfant terrible*, one cannot help admiring Taylor.

Certainly one of the most powerful figures in the art world, Taylor has combined an aggressive and original program with an active and biting tongue. At times it has been an undiplomatic tongue, but always an interesting one.

Perhaps the greatest accomplishment on the record of Francis Henry Taylor is the recent renovation of the Met. Some parts of the renovation are brilliant such as the Medieval Galleries, but others appear to be extravagant failures. (See ART DIGEST, Mar. 1, 1954). Nevertheless, one must respect the daring and the idea.

We have often felt that the Met neglected contemporary American artists. Taylor the scholar has been a classicist and claimed that a museum should be "for the people, and of the people." Although the Met finally opened its doors to living American artists, it did so grudgingly and with an inadequate budget. After its lavish refurbishing it has been forced temporarily to close its library and slide lending service to the general public. Yet the Museum's endowment has doubled in the time of Taylor's directorship, and membership has increased threefold.

While often a great leader in the field, Taylor has also managed to make his share of mistakes. One was his recent statement that art in Eastern cities is "stagnant and inconsequential." We still await an explanation of this statement.

We are sorry that Mr. Taylor is leaving our midst. While not always agreeing with him, we still retain the highest regard for an original thinker, an energetic man, and a courageous protagonist. Francis Henry Taylor's return to Worcester, Mass., will certainly enliven that city and provide it with a colorful figure.

Time for Review

When I became publisher of "Art Digest" 16 months ago, I undertook a program of analyzing the magazine. It is a never ending job which must continue if we are to provide you with a publication that you want.



Francis Henry Taylor

To aid in determining how best to serve you, we are mailing a questionnaire to many subscribers this month. Your cooperation is sincerely requested, and will be a great help.

My program of study has consisted of three parts: observing, asking and listening. The listening, of course, is most productive, as well as most amusing. We have requests for everything from the inclusion of more nudes to the execution of certain writers. It is interesting and we learn.

During the past year ARTS DIGEST has undergone many changes, and we plan many more. New Year's Day seems like a good time for review, a time to take stock of the past and a look to the future.

Among the many changes that we have made is the inclusion of feature articles on a regular basis instead of occasionally printing them. Next we decided to enlarge pictures in order to make them more distinguishable. This, together with a restyling of typography, has made the magazine more attractive visually and more readable. These were our first steps, and we've had some pleasant travels since then.

After much thought and discussion we decided to change our basic policy last summer. An "S" was added to ART and our format was broadened to include music, films, a more complete book section, color covers and wider international reportage. This is only a beginning for we feel that there is a great need in this country for a maga-

zine that fully covers the creative arts.

Apparently most readers approve of the changes, for our renewal rate has increased substantially, we are receiving an increasing number of favorable letters to the editor, and our circulation is steadily rising. In fact, new subscriptions for December appear to be the highest for any single month in the magazine's history.

In the future you can expect to see color inside the magazine, increased coverage of the national scene, articles on art in industry, and many other changes big and small. It is our purpose to cover the arts as thoroughly as possible without pulling punches. Controversy is important, and one of the functions of ARTS DIGEST is to initiate and take sides in controversy, or, in other words, to fight for those principles and causes in which we believe. Your support will be welcome as will your comments and suggestions.

P.T.A. Show a Success

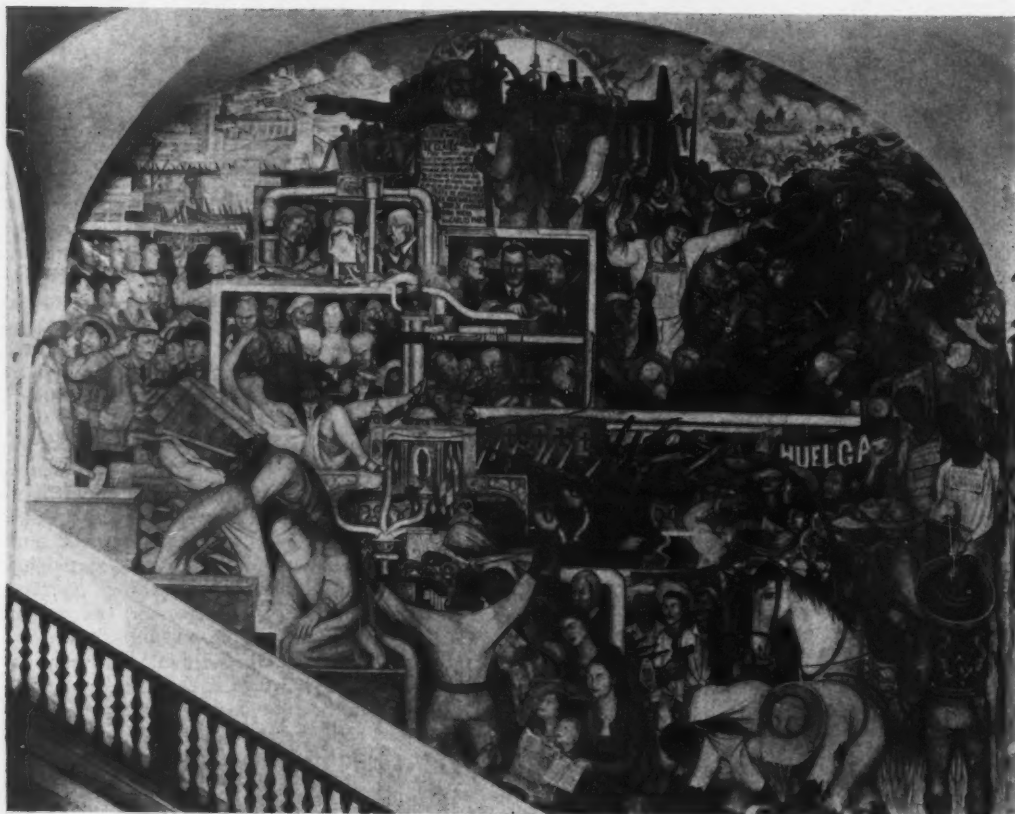
Art dealers can well be envious of the success of the Parents and Teachers Association of the Quaker Ridge School in Scarsdale. More than a quarter of the 266 pictures exhibited at the P.T.A.'s recent second art exhibition was sold. More important though is the fact that an art show was made an important community project, and a successful one.

Although the show was run by amateurs, the artists were professional and included Harry Gottlieb, Milton Avery, Arthur Dove, I. Rice Pereira, Hans Hoffman, Aurelio Yammerino and Jack Levine to name a few. Prices paid ranged from \$12 to 400. It is interesting to note that the higher priced works did not sell.

Some time ago we mentioned William Benton's idea that works of art could be sold through door-to-door visits. The attendance by more than 500 people from all over Westchester County at the P.T.A. art show appears to support this theory. I believe that the exhibition also supports the theory that gallery prices are often too high. Lower prices might well create greater total sales and revenues.

The Quaker Ridge School's P.T.A. reports excellent cooperation from both dealers and artists—one artist even helped to hang the show. We believe that other groups can profit from their experience and we congratulate them on their success.

The Strange Case of Diego Rivera by Bertram D. Wolfe



Rivera: *The Workers' Revolution*, fresco from "The History of Mexico," one of seven large panels, stairway, National Palace, Mexico City.

After rejecting him three times, the Communist party of Mexico announced on September 26 that it had readmitted to its ranks the Mexican painter Diego Rivera. With this announcement, Rivera's relations with the Communist party completed a full circle.

When I first met Diego Rivera in 1922, he was just joining the party. Mexico had not yet quieted down from the vague revolutionism inspired by its own indigenous revolution of 1910-1920. Many native political leaders, like Governor Carrillo Puerto of Yucatan and Governor Mújica of Michoacán, had briefly passed through the party. Then, as they dropped out, the painters of the budding Mexican artistic renaissance suddenly moved in.

Early in 1922, the painters formed a "union," the *Sindicato Revolucionario de Obreros Técnicos y Plásticos*. Within the year, almost the entire union moved into the Communist party. Their organ, *El Machete*, became the official organ of the party. It was vast, bright and gory, an oversized bedsheet of a newspaper, its masthead a huge woodcut of a machete, 16½ inches long by 5 deep, printed in black and overprinted in blood red. Each issue carried a number of wonderful propaganda cartoons, cut directly on wood or linoleum or etched on metal by the artists themselves. Today, the copies of *El Machete* are an art collector's item. Its editors were Xavier Guerrero, Alfaro Siqueiros and Diego Rivera.

From a party of vaguely revolutionary politicians, the Mexican Communist party was now converted into a party of vaguely revolutionary painters. At its 1923 convention, the three editors of *El Machete* were elected to the Executive Committee; they lacked one of making a majority!

The writer was at that time a Communist and a member

of the Mexican party. The convention also elected me to the Executive. Its sessions were fantastic. The two worker members and the representative of the Communist Youth were totally unable to stand up against the fantastic imagination and torrential invention of Diego Rivera. He was as swift to compose imaginary political pictures of the realities around him, and to invent a wealth of supporting detail to fill in the pictures, as he was to cover walls with his frescoes. Moreover, he was a poor Executive Committee member, for he was constantly forgetting what hour of the day and what day of the week it was. While the plaster was wet and the fantasy flowing from his brain to his hand to the wall, time would stand still. He was forever in danger of being expelled for non-attendance at the regulation "three successive meetings."

But when he attended, his vivid imagination, his creative fantasy simply overwhelmed the others. No one on the Committee seemed to know anything about the economic and political realities of the land, nor—with the exception of the one non-Mexican member—did anyone seem to care.

After a year of opposing, with my halting Spanish and my incomplete and imperfect vision of Mexican reality, Rivera's perfect, complete and coherent fantasies, I strained our friendship nearly to the breaking point by urging him to resign from the party. I explained to him as tactfully as I could the dangers to an inexperienced committee of his overpowering mind and imagination. But, as the reader may well understand, I shied away as speedily as possible from that delicate topic to emphasize another reason no less cogent.

"Look, Diego," I pleaded in summary, "you are today the

greatest revolutionary painter in Mexico, probably in the world. Just as one man specializes in teaching, another in speaking, a third in writing, a fourth in organizing among unions or peasantry, so you should do. No matter how well you do other things for the movement, they are not as useful to it as your paintings. It is a shame to waste a day or an hour of such an exceptional talent on meetings, manifestoes and resolutions. And, besides, you are always missing meetings, being threatened with expulsion. Don't you see that as a sympathizer you are the most valued, as a member one of the worst."

We talked for a long time without either of us saying anything while Diego resolved the thing in his mind and the plaster dried on the wall. At last, he pressed my hand warmly and we went to his home together to draft his letter of resignation. I had another battle to persuade the members of the Committee to accept it.

As soon as I left Mexico—in the summer of 1925—both Diego and the Central Committee, by mutual agreement, hastened to undo my efforts. In 1926 he was readmitted, only to be expelled in 1929 when a holocaust of heresy trials was ordered by the Stalinized Communist International in every country in the world.

Neither he nor the party leaders were able to give a coherent account of the causes of the expulsion, for Diego had merely been caught in a worldwide "purge" emanating from the factional politics of the Soviet Union. The specific cause given in Rivera's case were hastily trumped up and so palpably inadequate that the party later busied itself inventing better ones. They were degrading to Diego's sense of his own importance, so that he, too, was concerned to invent reasons of a larger and more dignified scope. Both the painter and the party were glad to let it appear later that the real cause had been "Trotskyism." In point of fact, this was not thought of or mentioned in his heresy trial, nor did Diego develop any interest in Trotsky until after his expulsion. Thus, while "Trotskyism" brought others their expulsion, expulsion brought Rivera his "Trotskyism."

Only after Diego had been solemnly excommunicated did it occur to his erstwhile comrades that the best way to attack an artist is through his art.

The principle was applied which has been so succinctly proclaimed by the Communist poet-critic, Johannes Becher: "We build up the reputations of writers whom we think useful; we destroy the writers whom we consider harmful; esthetic considerations are *petit-bourgeois* prejudices."

Rivera's old comrade-in-arms, Siqueiros, began what passed for an esthetic analysis: Rivera's murals glorified the "bourgeois Mexican Revolution." He used medieval and retrogressive fresco techniques in an age of duco and spray-gun painting. He painted in patios of public buildings, whereas he should be painting on street corners where the masses could not escape his work. People had to stop to look at his paintings, but he should really paint in such a way that, as people moved past his paintings without stopping, the images would take on ever new forms with each change of position and angle.

To this nonsense was added the charge of Parisian sophistication and a systematic campaign to build up the reputation of other Mexican painters, notably Siqueiros and Orozco. Orozco had no use for factional quarrels or for the Communist incitement of splits and class hatred. On the walls of the *Preparatoria*, he had depicted workers quarreling with each other while the rich and well-fed laughed at them. In the center of this mural there was a worker whose eyes were blinded by a red banner that wrapped itself around his head as he fought against his brothers. But so blind are party commissars in the arts that they do not feel the impact of plastic statement, only of political formulas expressed in

familiar parrot language. So they built up Orozco (who was, to be sure, a very great painter in his own right) in order to diminish Rivera.

In the autumn of 1936, Leon Trotsky, who had vainly been seeking refuge in Europe since he was deported by the government he had helped raise to power, was ordered out of Norway. There seemed no place on the face of the earth for him to go. Under the pressure of the Soviet colossus, country after country refused him a visa. Friends turned to the platonic Trotskyite, Rivera, to see if asylum could not be secured for him in Mexico. The painter went to interview President Cardenas, and, to his astonishment, permission was granted.

Leon Trotsky became a guest of Diego Rivera and his wife, Frida Kahlo. He lived in the home she owned and in which she had been born. But both were men of intense self-confidence and great personal pride. Each had something in him of the *caudillo*. Moreover, Trotsky was soon quarreling with Rivera's fantastic political word-picture of Mexico and of the world. Trotsky, so to speak, expelled Rivera from Trotskyism, and Rivera expelled Trotsky from the home in which he had offered the wanderer hospitality.

While their quarrels were growing toward an open break, the long arm of the GPU reached out for Leon Trotsky in his Mexican refuge. Agents brought orders, money, gifts, weapons, killers. Trotsky's home became a beleaguered fortress. The police guarding it were suborned by beautiful woman spies. Trotsky's American guard, Sheldon Harte, was kidnaped and murdered. At midnight, men in stolen police uniforms surrounded and attacked his home, machine-gunned his bedroom, wounded his grandson Seva in the leg. At least two of the gunmen were Communist artists—Arenal and Diego's old lieutenant, David Alfaro Siqueiros.

Siqueiros never concealed his part in the attempted murder, yet he walks freely around Mexico today. Having quarreled with Trotsky before the latter's final assassination, Diego Rivera did not shrink from once more exalting Trotsky's

Diego and his bride, Frida



murderer, Joseph Stalin, and grasping the hand of his would-be assassin, Siqueiros. The time came when Rivera entered joint exhibitions with the gunman-painter. He asked Frida Kahlo to lend him the fountain pen Trotsky had given her with his name inscribed on it—so that he might use that very pen to make a humble application for readmission to the Communist party.

Three times he condemned his past "sins," denounced Trotskyists, Titoists, Socialists and capitalists. One of his murals, painted in the New Workers School and now hanging in the Recreation Center of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union (it was painted on movable walls), pictures Stalin baleful, red-eyed, the Cain who murdered all his brothers in the blood purges. Another mural, on the walls of the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City, glorifies Trotsky.

"This fresco of mine," wrote Rivera in a statement which he himself printed and distributed in November 1952, "is the best example of the degeneration into which a Marxist artist can fall when, after having failed to remain in the ranks of his party, he also fails to discipline himself to its line from outside . . . The time when I produced this work of degeneration corresponds to the weakest period in the plastic quality of my painting."

He went on to call himself "a coward, traitor, counter-revolutionary and abject degenerate"—which, by some delirious logic, seemed to fit him to become once more a member of the Communist party. He pledged himself to continue making such "self-criticism" and applying to the party "until my readmission becomes acceptable." And now, in the fourth public attempt, he has been readmitted. But his glorification of Leon Trotsky and his red-eyed Stalin are still on the walls.

In December, Diego Rivera was 68. Two more years, and the world Communist movement will be "celebrating" his 70th birthday (if he lasts that long as a member in good standing). People who have seen his more recent works say that he is repeating himself increasingly, that there is more and more of hollow poster propaganda and less and less intensity of conviction in his work. I have not seen his paintings since 1946 and cannot say. He has never been an intense and powerful painter, but I imagine he remains, as

Diego Rivera: *Portrait of Madame Marcoussis*, 1915



he always was, an enormously talented and fecund one. He is one of those monsters of fecundity that occur at rare intervals in the history of mankind. He is for painting what a Lope de Vega is for drama. Even if he is too complaisant with his own work, he turns out more really good works a year with amazing ease than many another who discreetly limits himself to a handful of paintings in a lifetime. He has never taken himself seriously as a politician, or in personal human relations, but he will always remain one of the great painters of his time.

Rivera's almost biological urge to paint, as a tree begets ever fresh leaves, is matched by an insatiable hunger for publicity at whatever cost. For a headline he will do the most bizarre things, invent the most preposterous stories or theories, paint the silliest caricature, even betray those who love him most dearly.

When I was completing his biography in 1939, I wrote of his marriage with Frida Kahlo: "This is the tenth year of their marriage, and Diego grows more and more dependent on his wife's judgment and comradeship. If he should lose her now, the solitude which besets him would be much heavier than it is." A few months later, he arranged a big party, where he loudly proclaimed to a friend: "Tell Bert that I am divorcing Frida to prove that my biographer is wrong." Yet another year and he remarried her. Could it have been to prove that his biographer was right?

On July 13 of this year, Frida, a lovely and lovable person and a great painter in her own right, died at the age of 44. At her funeral in the Palace of Fine Arts, the mourners, personal or political, included ex-President Lazaro Cardenas, who gave Trotsky asylum in Mexico, and David Alfaro Siqueiros, the painter-with-a-pistol who violated the right of asylum and tried to murder Trotsky. Friends told me that Rivera had persuaded his wife to leave all her property to the Communist party. I do not know whether this is so. At any rate, the Communist party created a political scandal by covering her bier with the Russian flag. The next day, Dr. Andres Bduarte, poet, scholar and Director of the Institute of Fine Arts, was fired. He is not a Communist, and could hardly have been expected to fight with the Communist guards at the funeral. But he was made the scapegoat. Two months later, the Communist party announced that it had accepted the self-styled "coward, traitor, counter-revolutionary and abject degenerate" back into its ranks.

How long a man with his temperament and his love of headlines and public controversy will remain in the party is hard to say. But one thing is sure: In the Soviet Union, a painter with his esthetic sophistication, his mastery of modern impressionist, cubist and post-cubist techniques, and his incorporation of these techniques into his murals and easel paintings, would not be permitted to paint. Even in 1927, when Lunacharsky invited him to Moscow to do a mural, the growing reaction in the arts prevented him from executing his mission. In his heart, Diego knows this. He knows that many of the fellow painters of his Paris days returned to Russia only to be denied the right to paint and to end in a concentration camp or with a bullet in the neck.

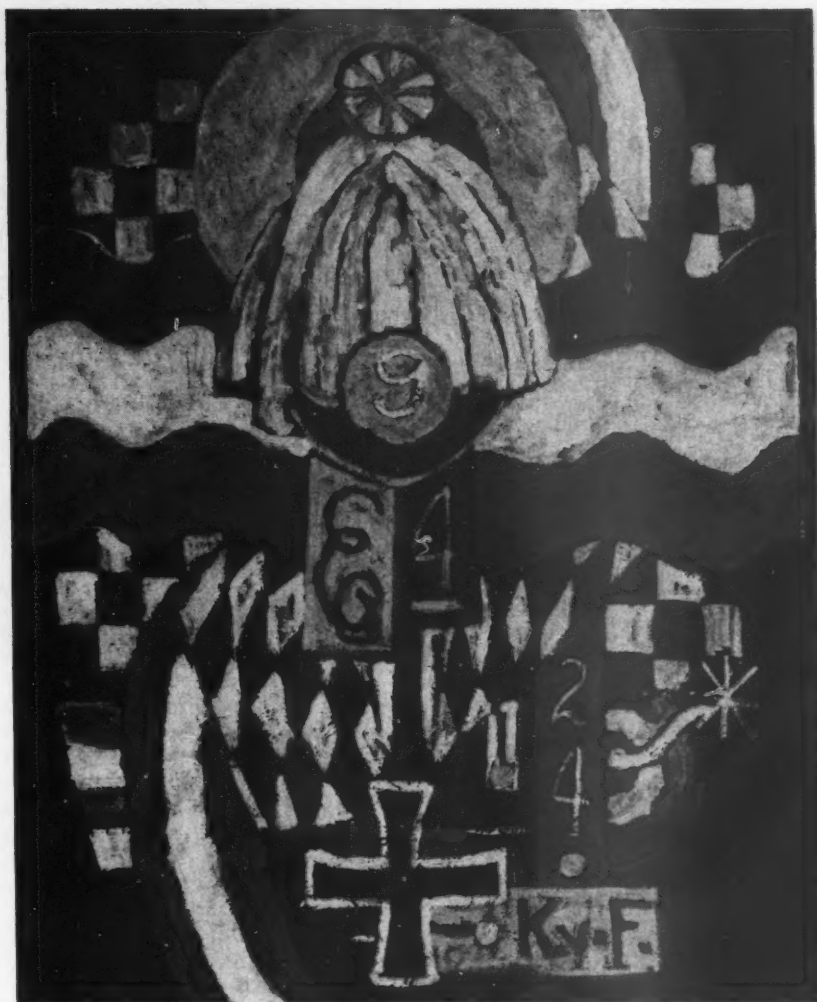
When a friend went to Picasso after one of his pro-Communist statements and reminded him that his works were banned in the Soviet Union and that any Russian who painted like him was hounded into sterility and prison, he answered: "If they threw me into jail, I would sever the artery of my left arm and with my last drop of blood, on the floor of my cell, I would paint one more Picasso."

What then induces a Picasso or a Rivera—or, for that matter, a Siqueiros—to serve the party which, if it were to win, would destroy the one freedom that really matters to them? To this question Marx has no answer. Nor do Lenin and Stalin. Perhaps Freud does; he called it "the death wish."

Abstract Interlude

by Hilton Kramer

*An exhibition of
paintings and drawings
by Marsden Hartley*



Painting #47, Berlin, 1914-15

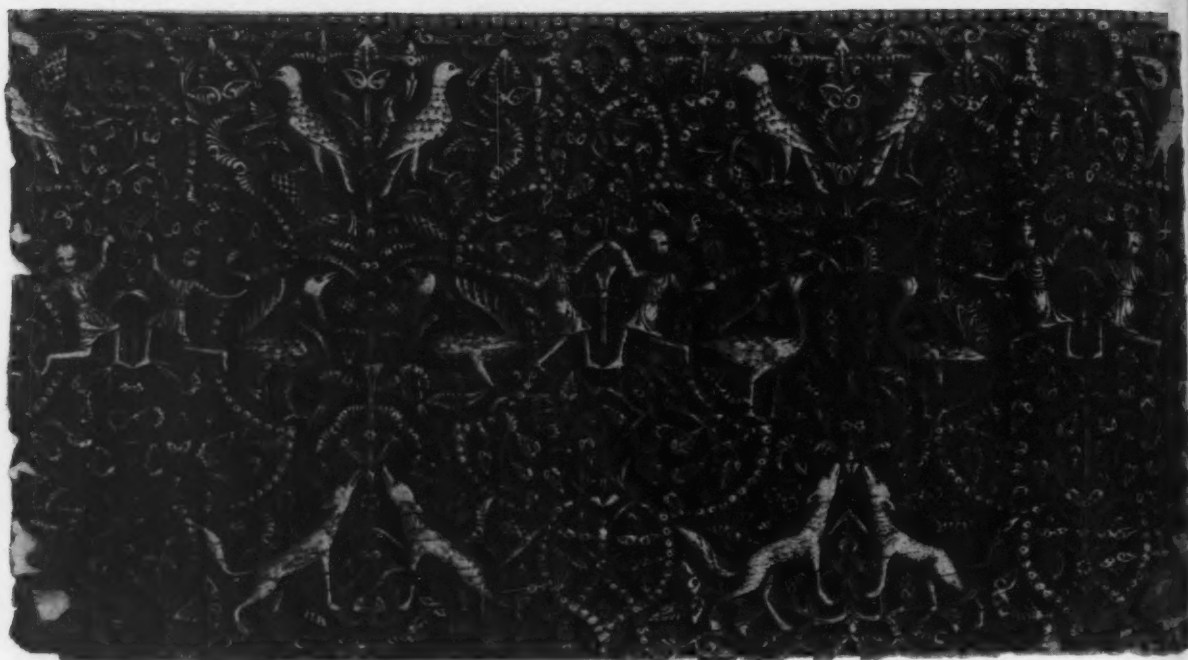
Among the American painters for whom the new creative movements in Europe before the first World War had a liberating (and sometimes confusing) effect, none absorbed the new ideas with greater personal intensity than the late Marsden Hartley. Coming out of Maine at the end of the 19th century, a sensitive and provincial figure, Hartley was all his life to re-enact the archetypal anxieties of the American artist finding his way through a half-century presided over by the creative movements of Europe. These movements generated in Hartley an empathy which was at once responsible for the frequent dissipation of his energies as well as for his singular successes, for Hartley felt compelled to plunge into each new stylistic idea with a total, if passing, discipleship.

The paintings and drawings which make up the current exhibition of his work at the Martha Jackson Gallery (Jan. 3-29), all of them from the years 1912-1915, focus on Hartley's dilemma at a crucial juncture. They are a record, first of all, of his early flight to France and Germany where the work of the fauves, the cubists and the Blue Riders were the center of esthetic interest. Most of the paintings in this group reflect a mixture of the then current modernist notions: from cubism, the breaking up of three-dimensional space into fragments re-designed as a plane; and from the Blue Riders, an addiction to circular and triangular forms, to self-conscious symbolism, and to color derived from the fauves for more abstract goals.

Taken together this way, isolated from his career as a

whole, these works comprise a series of exotic documents. They are dominated by those military abstractions in which Hartley tried to effect a synthesis between his curious interest in the paraphernalia of the German military aristocracy and the new conceptions of picture-making. The result is a series of paintings in which checker-board patterns, flags, epaulettes, medals, military crosses and numerals are "abstracted" into an imagery which is frequently more kaleidoscopic than abstract in any painterly sense. Moreover, placed beside the actual creations of the cubists and the Blue Riders, Hartley's work asserts an "American" quality of its own: a certain naivete, a provincial garishness in color and decoration which barely saves them from esthetic ruin; above all, that air of "make-believe" which for an American always surrounds the legendary symbols of the European aristocracies.

If these were the sole remaining documents of Hartley's talent, we should eventually tuck him away in future histories as a man hopelessly immersed in false elegance and bogus conceptions of modernism. But these were not interests which detained Hartley for long. Later he was to feel that the whole will to abstraction represented an intellectual indulgence which was inconsistent with the task of making a good picture. Yet this period of his passionate discipleship to the new art of Europe remains a moving instance of that longstanding drama of the American artist vis-a-vis Europe, from which painters may only now be emerging.



Plaque from a box (ivory): 11th-12th century

The Art of Medieval Spain *by Bernice Davidson*

In Touch With Physical Reality

The Spanish medieval art exhibition at the Cloisters presents the distinct and pungent personality that is uniquely Spanish. Family features which can be observed throughout the exhibition—in the Visigothic jewelry, in the 13th century Catalan frescos or in the silk fragment of a Mudejar cope—relate these works to the *Cid*, Don Quixote, Velazquez and Pablo Picasso. Even the Spanish countryside itself seems an integral part of the Spanish character. As you travel through the weird, bleak stonescapes north of Madrid, sample the bright variety of local dishes or watch the disciplined patterns of flamenco dances, you are struck by the "typically Spanish" flavor of it all. The peculiar strength of the national character affects every facet of Spanish life and art so that a trip through Spain seems a trip through the world of Goya's paintings.

The two periods of art in which the Spanish personality seemed to flourish most fruitfully occurred during the Middle Ages and in the 17th century. The Spaniard's intense, often mystic, concern for spiritual values, his distrust of the purely rational and his disregard for classical or humanistic norms were attitudes expressed most satisfactorily in the stylistic language of the Middle Ages and the Baroque. These attitudes Spain shared with Germany, where an unusual florescence of the visual arts also took place during the medieval and Baroque periods.

But in contrast with Germany, Spanish art was at its best during the earlier phases of the two periods. Neither the expressionist complexities of the late Gothic nor the pastel visions of the rococo gripped the Spanish imagination as did the simpler, more substantial forms of the Romanesque and early Baroque, for along with his intense religious fervor

the Spanish artist possessed a strong sense of tactile realism. This feeling for the physical object he could communicate most effectively in the stern, direct vocabulary of the Romanesque. There is a down-to-earth streak in the Spanish character which is quite different from the practical efficiency

Late 12th century limestone capital



of the Germans. Perhaps this earth-bound realism sprang from racial characteristics, from the admixture of Mediterranean stock with northern tribes. Perhaps it grew from the terrible hardships of life in most of the Iberian peninsula where the soil is stony and unfertile, water scarce and the winters long and cold—conditions which would breed respect for the elemental material properties of the earth.

The artist's love for the materials from which he fashioned his art is one of the finest characteristics of early Spanish medieval sculpture. His feeling for the differing qualities of stone, wood, ivory or metal inspired the block-like monumentality of the Three Apostles relief in limestone and the lacey refinements of the ivory plaques and filigree metalwork. Again in the 17th century the Spaniard's feeling for tactile qualities revived to instill new vitality in his painting. Much of the impact of Velasquez' paintings, for instance, of Zurbaran's or Ribera's lies in their forceful depiction of cloth, fragments of still-life, flesh and other tangible aspects of nature. Even the mystic visions of El Greco would lose half their intensity were they not based on physical reality, the normal physical form which he then distorted.

Another aspect of Spanish realism can be seen in the 11th century relief in the exhibition depicting the death of Saint Aemilianus. The artist in this case tells his story in very direct, almost comic strip terms. At the bottom of the relief lies the saint watched by a shocked and grieving mourner. Above, the saint, his face illumined with an expectant smile, is hoisted up to heaven by grinning angels. The story stripped of all irrelevancies is impressive in its concentration on essentials. This type of literal narrative, sometimes on a more sophisticated level, recurs frequently in Spanish art. Goya's etchings provide the most distinguished example.

The decorative patterns that adorn the costumes and columns of the ivory relief illustrate another typical Spanish trait, the love of ornamental design. Sometimes the patterns snap with barbaric vigor; sometimes the Moorish influence prevails and the design seems woven with eternal Oriental patience so contrary to the Western desire for beginnings and ends. One of the most delicate and refined products of the Hispano-Moorish fusion is the Metropolitan's ivory box plaque with its endless arabesques entwined about elegant heraldic birds and animals.

But if you were asked to choose one work of art from the exhibition to summarize the best and most representative qualities of Spain, few would hesitate. The Virgin from Tahull in the collection of the Fogg Museum is certainly one of the finest examples of medieval art in the country. This Romanesque Virgin is no smiling young mother of the type so dear to the Gothic artist but an hieratic, austere yet beneficent super-being. Again oriental and western cultures seem to fuse on Spanish territory. Again the Spanish sense of style and decorative control of surfaces appears in the sharp clarity of the forms and their subtle rhythmic relationships. No better example than the Tahull Virgin could be found to illustrate the Spaniard's instinctive knowledge of raw materials. Within the wooden figure exists an organic life suggested by the pliant, swelling, gently rising contour of her trunk-like form; not human anatomy but the growth of a tree determined her silhouette.

Although the Virgin from Tahull is the most impressive work of art in the exhibition, there are many others of high quality too. We can only regret that the show is so small and that so little Spanish medieval art has been brought to this country compared, for instance, to the scores of French works imported. We owe thanks to such scholars as Dr. Walter W. S. Cook, in whose honor the exhibition is held, for stimulating our interest in Spanish art. It is due to the efforts of such pioneers that this choice collection could be assembled.



The Virgin Mary:
(wood) about 1125

A Christmas Visit From Cézanne and Seurat

by James N. Rosenberg

When M. Aristide Cobalt, my Christmas guest, topped off Gargantuan helpings of roast goose and fillings with a more than half-filled balloon glass of Napoleon brandy, I suffered dismay at the disappearance of its last drop.

He then stumbled to my studio, threw himself upon my couch, wrapped up in the crimson afghan my sainted mother knitted for me, and was at once dead to the world. So I left.

By noontime of Christmas Day I managed to totter to my studio. Cobalt was gone but on my table lay a thick envelope for me, marked "Urgent." It contained an extraordinary communication from Cobalt.

With a scant word for my hospitality the letter related that on the stroke of midnight, two strangers—one old, the other young—entered my studio. The old man, in cape, overcoat and hat, Cobalt at once recognized as M. Paul Cézanne. The other was his young friend, M. Georges Seurat.

On request of these visitors, it seems, Cobalt accompanied them to the Museum of Modern Art and they then returned to my studio.

"Having replenished the fire with logs," wrote Cobalt, "and the visitors with your brandy, we settled down. Realizing that what they might have to say could be of interest, I laid notebook and pencil on my knee. They readily consented—Cézanne was noticeably pleased—to have me take notes."

"Would you care, M. Seurat, to comment on what you have seen this evening?" I began.

"But I do not know what to say," M. Seurat replied. "The learned and courteous M. Ritchie has left me in a fog. When he greeted the Master and myself as the progenitors of cubist and expressionist abstraction, I must confess that I had not the least idea what he was talking about. Now that I have studied the many astonishing pictures in his superb museum, I am even more at sea.

"Perhaps you can explain," he continued, "why my *Fishing Fleet* canvas at his museum is said to be the parent of that intriguing painting he showed me called *Ma Jolie*. M. Picasso M. Ritchie evidently considers a great genius. That is not for me to say. I am only a painter, not a museum director. Yet *Ma Jolie* and my *Fishing Fleet* or my *Grande Jatte* seem to me no more to resemble the Picasso paintings than a beetle resembles a bottle. Of course, I rejoice that so eminent an authority ranks me as a master. What say you, maitre?" he inquired of Cézanne.

M. Cézanne was absorbed in the famous book, "Abstract Painting and Sculpture in America," which its author, M. Ritchie, had presented to him.

"Look also at this book, M. Cézanne; this handsome volume which the generous M. Barr gave me," Seurat said. "It is called 'Masters of Modern Art.' It appears that we two are now such masters. Look at the book's jacket."

Cézanne stared at the color reproduction of Picasso's celebrated *Three Musicians*. At last he spoke: "M. Cobalt, you should read the lectures on art by the British painter, Constable. He divided artists into two groups: those who gain success by following beaten paths; those others, in contrast, the pioneers, who like me, by close observation of nature discover qualities never portrayed before. They create new eras, but this takes time. That was what I sought to achieve by my profound studies of nature as a result of which I achieved a new vision in art. Possibly M. Picasso also opens new vistas. I leave that for your generation and



Paul Cézanne: *Bathers*. Cone Collection.

future ages to decide. One thing must be clear today as it was in my time—that one could make a strange menagerie with all the professionals of art and their kindred spirits."

"Are you speaking of M. Ritchie?" I ventured to ask.

"On this holy Christmas I would not speak harshly. Yet, Georges, if you can keep awake, listen to what M. Ritchie says of us. Our investigations, he declares, carried us into a world of geometry. As regards representational subject matter, we carried forward what he calls the "denaturing" abstract tendencies of the impressionists. I am quoting him, Georges. By your mathematical precision, you forced both animate and inanimate forms into a single pattern and, as it were, abstracted the breath of life from the one and specific density from the other. Did you wish to abstract life from your circus pictures?" But Seurat had fallen asleep.

Cézanne turned to me with suppressed anger. "And now I find M. Ritchie asserting that I practically negated the significance of all representational subject matter. Here it is on page 22. What, M. Cobalt, am I to make of such a statement? Did he draw it from my paintings or from what I repeatedly wrote?" He shook Seurat's shoulder. "Truly it is almost comical."

"What is comical?" mumbled the sleepy Seurat.

"Your landscapes, Georges," says M. Ritchie, "are sufficiently removed from representational reality to permit the observer to concentrate attention on the picture itself, with only a minimum interference called up by a ghostly disembodied subject matter. Did you mean *La Grande Jatte* to be such ghostly, disembodied stuff, Georges? It is news to me."

Seurat snatched the book. He read what followed. "The joke is on you, maitre. You, declares M. Ritchie, advanced the dissolution of naturalistic representation still further."

I was sorry for the old man. Turning to me he said, "You have assured me, M. Cobalt, that M. Ritchie is a great authority. Has he never read my many letters? Did he stop with that first Bernard letter—cylinders, spheres and cones!"

Georges Seurat: *Study for Grand Jatte*



I observe that M. Ritchie is director of painting and sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art. The museum, I see, published his book three years ago. Tell me, M. Cobalt, is this Museum an institution of wealth, prestige and influence?"

"Immensely so," I replied. "We are very proud of it. Its trustees are the very creme de la creme of our society. Its art directors are the Voice of Authority."

Seurat put his lips to my ear. "My poor Aristide," he whispered, "you are in for a lecture. I know what is coming." He wrapped himself up in the crimson afghan and slumbered. Cézanne stood over me.

"Sharpen your pencil and your wits, young man," he said. "I will now explain my credo."

"It is just a half century since Emile Bernard interviewed me at Aix. He was about to write a critique of my work for the Occident. I welcomed the opportunity to expound my theories to the ignorant critics, curators and directors who then ruled the art world. There were eight or nine carefully composed letters to Bernard, to say nothing of others to Camoin, Aurenche, Solari. Always, always, I harped on one theme: Turn to nature. Kindly underline that part. What I now say about nature and the artist you can readily find in my many letters."

"We all know your celebrated cylinder, sphere and cone letter to Bernard, maitre," I answered. "It is a veritable foundation-stone of cubism."

"Does everyone overlook that what I said to Bernard was to see those objects in nature—in nature," he roared.

I ventured to remark that those objects have become the be-all and the end-all of a large segment of modern art.

"Incomprehensible, for in that very same letter," he went on, "in which I mentioned them, I urged Bernard never to forget that nature for us men is more depth than surface. More depth than surface. Why, then do M. Ritchie and the rest disregard my preaching. Did I not require 115 sittings for the Vollard portrait? And here is Paul Cézanne, presented to your world, M. Cobalt, as the father of those who negate and abandon nature."

"Let me turn to my contemporaries. Monet was a fine artist. So were others of my impressionist predecessors—best of all, dear old Pissarro, whom I loved. Within their limits they did well. They gave painting some of that iridescent color which the Pater Omnipotens spreads before our eyes. But after long study, I discovered that they saw only the surface of nature. Theirs was a beautiful tapestry. Nothing more. To me the Pater Omnipotens gave the privilege of perceiving and penetrating nature's depth. Thus, using cylinders, spheres, cones as tools I probed into the depth of nature and thereby created a new era. My search went on until the very day of my death. Only a week before the end I recall writing my beloved son that I simply must produce before nature."

"Looking at the works I saw this evening, I feel that my reference to these geometrical objects has been perverted by being used as a means of abandoning nature."

"Strong experience with nature—indulge me while I always come back to the main theme of my entire life—meant everything to me—it is the necessary basis for all conception of art. Literature expresses itself by abstractions," the master continued, "whereas painting, by means of drawing and color, gives concrete shape to sensations and perceptions. The artist must beware of the literary spirit which so often causes painting to deviate from its true path—the concrete study of nature—to lose itself in intangible speculations. The Louvre is a good book to consult, but the real study is the manifold picture of nature."

He paused to catch his breath. "Intangible speculations. Abstractions. The literary spirit. Those are the things which

oppressed me this evening at M. Ritchie's Museum. Are they authentic great art? Perhaps they express the chaos of your atomic world. Or are the professionals mistaken as they were in my time?"

I dared to argue, quoting the Bard that "there are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than were dreamt of in your philosophy, Maitre."

"Possibly that is so," he replied "but if you will only study my letters you will perceive that I always obstinately pursued the realization of that part of nature which, coming into my line of vision, gave me the picture. Is that the work of a man who negates nature?"

"Into my line of vision, I repeat. My constant effort in the presence of nature was to render the image of what I saw, forgetting everything else." The old man was tired.

"I find myself thinking of those last weeks before I died," the old man sighed. "That was October 22, 1904. I was not willing to acknowledge that I was feeble, aged, sick, dying. In those last months I was becoming ever more clear-sighted



Pablo Picasso: *Three Musicians*

in front of nature. There on the edge of the river the motifs were plentiful. The same subject seen from different angles gave me opportunities for studies of the highest interest. They could—had I lived a little longer—have occupied me—me, me, the negator of nature—for months, just by bending to right and left."

The master seemed pleased when I remarked that I remembered his last letters to Bernard and to his son.

"Bernard sent me some of his drawings; old-fashioned rubbish. He was an intellectual, crushed by the museums, never looking enough at nature. I had long sought to infuse him with the idea, so sane and comforting, and—mind you, M. Cobalt—the only correct one, of the development of art through contact with nature. I knew at last that I had failed utterly with Bernard."

"So now it seems to be thought" the master spoke sadly "that I negated representational subject matter and that my legacies to all future generations of artists were the cylinder, the sphere and the cone, and geometrical abstraction. So now the fatherhood of abstract art is foisted on my shoulders. A strange world, yours."

continued on page 31

Los Angeles by Henry Seldis

Southern California Roundup

If there is any trend in Southern California art it is actually the absence of stylistic trends which accounts for the non-existence of any recognizable regional school. Nothing could illustrate this state of affairs better than the coming show of Ynez Johnston at the Pasadena Art Museum, the current one-man show by Edgar Ewing at the Dalzell Hatfield Galleries and the recent display of works by Lee Mullican at the Paul Kantor Gallery. It would be difficult to find three artists more widely divergent in approach and technique, yet their creative individuality serves as a common denominator.

Ynez Johnston's private and romantic microcosmos has already won her an enviable reputation as a sensitive visionary whose painterly expression is off the beaten path of contemporary art. While her most recent work shows a greater boldness and freedom than the works which make up the Pasadena Art Museum exhibition, this show is an excellent representation of the style which has brought this Los Angeles painter deserved fame.

Her calligraphic fantasies invite close inspection which reveals minute but elaborate architectural structures and anonymous creatures. To view these canvases from the usual distance is to find large, well-integrated patterns which set moods and create compositional entities. Gradually Ynez Johnston has been abandoning more and more the compartmentation which often gave her fascinating creatures an overly restricted air. The Pasadena exhibition forshadowes a departure in style on which the artist has already embarked.

Another facet of the kind of romanticism this day and age might well afford is inherent in the work of Edgar Ewing who makes his first appearance at the Dalzell Hatfield Galleries. A flamboyant colorist and a graphic expressionist, Ewing has come up with one of the best shows of his career. While his penchant for Americana sometimes takes him too far toward literary clichés in his *Barbecue* and *Old Jalopy* series, most of the paintings on view have an inner vitality and a painterly sophistication which make this artist one of the most interesting representational painters in these parts.

His portraits of a Greek Orthodox bishop and of the eminent art historian, Dr. Wm. R. Valentiner, have a stylized, almost baroque feeling. To those who know Dr. Valentiner even slightly this portrait captures not only his likeness but his personality.

About a third of the exhibition is taken up by Ewing's "Barbecue" series which ranges from an only mildly

amusing portrait of a junior chef to an intricate and intriguingly patterned horizontal composition titled *Gala Barbecue*.

Ewing's latest works display a dynamic vigor and rigorous discipline of an artist who has achieved to a large measure his aim "to work for some kind of equilibrium between the perceptual world of the eyes and the conceptual world of the mind."

It is the essence of both perceptual and conceptual experience which Lee Mullican captures on his free and flowing non-objective canvases recently shown at the Paul Kantor Gallery. Together with his own interpretation of Hopi sculptural objects, this artist exhibited large canvases in mostly aquatic colors which combined an inner serenity with sweeping compositional rhythms. Texturally these paintings differ greatly from Mullican's earlier work since he has almost abandoned the palette knife technique. While they are freer in construction and more subdued coloristically than many well-known Mullican paintings have been, these canvases again transcend the obvious by integrating his visual experience and his affinity to the spirituality

Edgar Ewing: Dr. William R. Valentiner



of American Indian and Oriental philosophies with a wide knowledge of his craft.

The first one-man museum show in America for the popular young Patsian Bernard Buffer is now on view at the Los Angeles County Museum. He was selected from Los Angeles collections and contains mainly works owned by Mr. and Mrs. Jean Negulescu, Charles Feldman and Irving Stone.

The melancholy of Buffer's earlier portraits, created by his monochromatic color scale and his linear elongations most evident in a series of self-portraits, has given way to a bolder use of color and a more positive feeling as evidenced by the *Still Life With Artichokes* (1953).

Buffer creates visual drama by an understatement which reflects an almost existentialist nihilism. There are echoes of Modigliani and Giacometti in his paintings which mark him as a young European out of step with his contemporaries and somehow bound to remain the lonely and haunting figure which he presents to us in his self-portraits.

Washington

by Judith Kaye Reed

More than \$3,500 worth of paintings by Washington artists sold in one gallery during November: that's the happy report of Franz Bader, who opened the gallery bearing his name last spring, after a 15-year association with the Whyte Gallery. The average purchaser paid \$100 for his picture, often in installments; many of the buyers were first time purchasers. These included those who wandered into the gallery from the bookshop entrance, well located near the White House and across the street from the immense gloomy facade of the old State Department building.

Bader is proving that local talent, which includes men of national reputation, can make a successful gallery right from the start. For everyone's surprise the sales figures during the first six months of the gallery rose to \$10,000.

The current show at the Bader is an all-Washington exhibition of paintings and drawings, a show of modern work that embraces some realism, some fantasy but mostly abstraction. Mitchell Jamieson shows one of his best works, *Off Hatteras*, a dramatic, skillfully executed sea study in white, greys and black. Other outstanding works are by Alfred McAdams, Leonard Maurer, Joe Summerford, Paul Arlt, Richard Dempsey, Pietro Lazzari and Jose Oermudez. Included also are J. C. Lewis, Lucille Evans, Sarah Baker, Jacob Kainen, R. Gates and Alice Acheson.

Located in the heart of Georgetown, the charming Greenwich Village of Washington, which boasts an historic canal instead of the subterranean Minnetta Brook, is the Obelisk Gallery, dedicated solely to exhibition and sale of art. Directed by Kathryn Eichholz and Janet Rubin it opened three years ago as an exhibition arena for contemporary French and Italian talent. It has since widened its scope to include artists from the U. S. and other European countries.

Currently it is holding two exhibitions: a first American one man show of paintings and drawings on circus themes by a young Neopolitan, Mario Russo, and a group of pocket-sized paintings and sculpture by 20 artists of widely varying backgrounds.

Russo is not a conventional portrayer of the circus; instead he offers a remarkable series of figure studies whose humor derives from interpretation of animal and human performers. Goya and Daumier are the artists who come to mind when one looks at his work, although it is not imitative.

The small paintings, designed to be placed against lamps or small table easels for intimate viewing, are a heterogeneous group. Fantasy pervades many: the dreamlike animal paintings of Antonio Music, the winged figures and jewel colors of Suzanne Van Damme's, the brooding series on doors by Aldo Pagliacci. A *Waterfall* by William Walton, a tranquil scene by Leonid, another door picture by Magritte, a luminous series of cafe groups by Eliano Fantuzzi, elongated, patinated sculptures by Brandon Kears and pictures by Keith Martin and A. Clave are among other works.

One of the oldest of the commercial art galleries—the Whyte Gallery—is showing paintings and prints by Rudolf Von Huhn, one of Washington's best known printmakers and abstractionists. An engineer and scientist before his retirement, Von Huhn shows work that is appropriately cool, intellectually planned and precisely designed. These qualities are well illustrated in one of the group of variations on a single theme, called *Dance Geometrique*. An exercise on an abstract tightrope theme, this watercolor, like others, combines, against a midnight blue background, line drawing with cut out abstracted figures that move in a taut but gay dance.

Portraits are the major interest of the ambitious three year old I.F.A. Galleries, which maintain a separate exhibition room along with a picture and frame gallery offering graphic arts, reproductions and crafts. Now on view is a group show of artists represented by the portrait clearing house. Exhibitors are Henry Carr, a prominent British portrait painter and regular Washington visitor, whose two exhibits seem compelling seizures of

restless, brooding character. Richard Lahey shows a fresh portrait of Carlotta; Eleanor Beckham, a substantial formal portrait that should be reassuring to any prospective client, and Clare Ferriter, an interesting study of Wright Morris.

Another newcomer to the District exhibition arena this year is the Fantasy Gallery, now showing paintings by John Wells, of England. His are able, imaginative works on nature themes. A romantic *Harbour*, *Crystals and Shells* with the round shapes and rich color worked into attractive composition, *Cliff Figure* in which a suggestion of human form emerges from abstract rock shapes, and *Painting a Red* are outstanding in a show of consistent quality and interest.

The Barnett Aden Gallery, a non-profit gallery that is partially supported by friendly neighbors in the community, is holding its 11th Anniversary Exhibition, "Paintings by New York Artists" (to Jan. 15), a diverse group of pictures lent by three New York galleries, together with works owned by the host.

Boston by James Mellow

Dreams and Responsibilities

Unfortunately, the most successful works in the exhibition, "Religious Art Today," concluding at the Margaret Brown Gallery, are those which owe the least to modern innovations. Omitting discussion of works by well-known artists like Rouault, Matisse, and Leger, (not the most avant-garde of their generation, either) the exhibition tends to split into two camps; those who recall the Medieval and Renaissance traditions, and those who, with difficulty, are trying to accommodate the modern vision. It seems a commendable feature of the exhibition, designed by Gyorgy Kepes, that the larger problems of religious art should be demonstrated along with the exhibition of the individual works themselves.

Why works like Frances Rich's unostentatious *Crucifix* and the delicately rendered bronze plaque, *Descent from the Cross*, by Giacomo Manzu, should be preferable to the modern works is difficult to say. There is, in the primitive and rounded simplicity of Hugue Maurin's *Pieta* (polychromed terracotta), a kind of humility that more ambitious works in the exhibition fail to achieve. Confronted by the agonized and insect-like figure of Doris Caesar's *Crucifix*, one wonders if many of the modern works are informed by a sense of suffering commensurate with

the style in which they are conceived. Despite their emphasis upon the dramatic, they do not seem to qualify for that function of art which Pope Pius XII, defending a sculpture by Germaine Richier, once defined as, "to break the narrow and agonizing circle of the finite in which man is enclosed in this life and to open a window to his mind yearning for the infinite."

There is, undoubtedly, a species of vanity involved in the creation of religious art, as there is in the conscious devotion of a life to the attainment of sanctity. The tearing off of those last clinging vestments of self is, from the testimony of saints, one of the more arduous tasks of the spiritual life. The assimilation of highly individualistic modern styles into works of art created for religious purposes will probably impose a similar struggle, but the thing one wants most intensely to do is, fortunately, the area in which the most valuable mistakes are to be made.

The collages of Ray Johnson at the Boylston Print Gallery offer a provocative and often witty assemblage of tortoises, birds, and the hanging figures of first-of-the-century children engaged in gymnastics. At their best they are an art of transformation and juxtaposition; the young Colette suddenly blossoms into a delicately poised bass viol, while her opposite number, an immaculate virtuoso, solicits music from a solemn buffalo. A boy in "knickers" ascends the steps of a brown sky, above the crescent moon. Later collages, all in paper and paint, attack the human figure with a Peruvian intricacy.

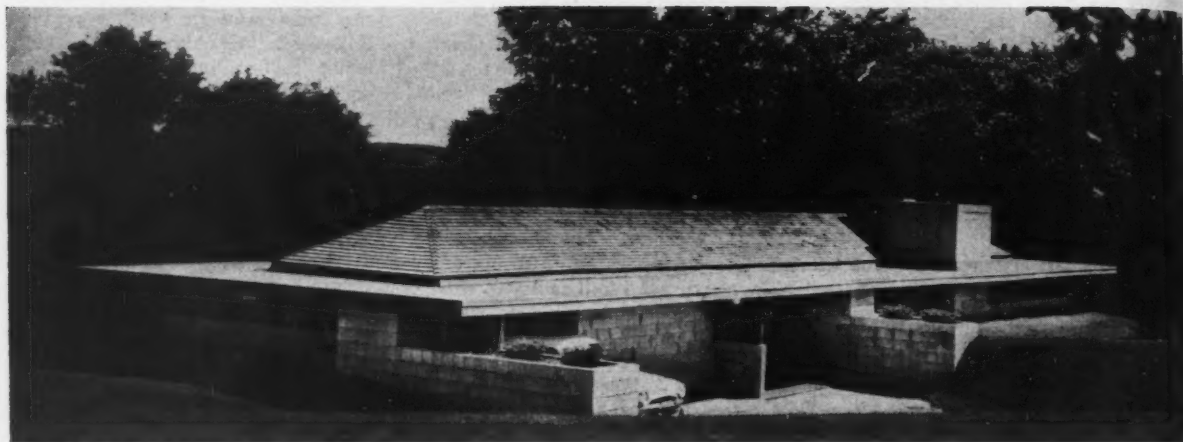
Dreams and images of another sort pervade the exhibition of etchings, wood cuts, and lithographs at the Swetozoff Gallery. Featured are Marc Chagall's sumptuous color lithographs for four tales from *The Arabian Nights*. More sensual than Chagall often is, but less erotic than the tales, themselves, the lithographs present his familiar, crowded imagery; the lovers suspended in their bliss, the lilac seas, the teeming bouquets that seem on the verge of dissipating into fragrance. Redon's stark and isolated fantasies and the harsh, eerie quality of Ensor's *Bal Fantastique* complement the Chagalls. Works by Leger, Rodolphe Bresdin, Misch Kohn, and Picasso complete the show.

Eight Americans Go South

Eight American painters are represented in an exhibition sponsored by the Birmingham Museum of Art and the High Museum of Atlanta. The show consists of three or four works each by Georgia O'Keeffe, Julien Binford, Loren MacIver, Steve Raffo, Jimmy Ernst, Walter Meigs, Roger Anliker and Manoucher Yekta.

The exhibition opened last month in Birmingham and will be shown in Atlanta in January.

Books



Frank Lloyd Wright: Keyes House, Rochester, Minn.

Wright's Houses

"THE NATURAL HOUSE," by Frank Lloyd Wright. Horizon Press. \$6.50.

by Lionel Brett

Frank Lloyd Wright will eventually be remembered for his houses, and this book will have its place as a comparatively short and comparatively simple restatement of the mental processes behind them. I emphasize "comparatively" because you can never quite pin down a Welsh poet who puts his credo in phrases like this: "I believe truth to be the organic divinity"—phrases one would like to try on some of our cool English experts in semantics. However . . . it is all here, the revolt against the "box with holes in it", the building "not as a cave but as broad shelter in the open", the long horizontal sprawl, continuity between indoors and out, plasticity in the sense of the living skin that covers the bones of the hand—Hindu sculpture, if you like, rather than Gothic. The famous, expensive houses are not pictured here; the accent is on limited budgets, and prices of the 30's are wistfully quoted.

"I was beholden to no man for the look of anything. Textbook for me? The book of creation". I believe this to be as nearly true as it can ever be of a person with eyes in a world full of artifacts he can't help looking at; and I believe it to be the reason for the most curious fact about Frank Lloyd Wright — his vast influence outside America yet the entire absence, outside America, of buildings designed in his manner. "Some 15 or 20 years later [than the first prairie houses] a Swiss (in France) was to rediscover a familiar preliminary esthetic" we are drily informed. Yet it is this Swiss (in France) who still dominates contemporary architecture in the world as a whole, because of his awareness of the world as a whole — of the quality of sunlight on Attic marble, of the cathedrals as objects in space, of the visual discoveries of Leonardo and Picasso, of Vitruvius and Moholy-Nagy. But with Mr. Wright "So far as possible all furniture

was to be designed in place as part of the building. Hangings, rugs, carpets, were they to be used (as they might be if properly designed) all came into the same category". Pugin and Ruskin made this claim, and all architects are tempted to make it, but it is an essentially provincial, myopic and ultimately untenable attitude, and even those who temporarily get away with it, find themselves in the long view of history dwarfed and dated within a decade. For we now have a vast visual repertoire and need not accept anybody's censorship.

Thus "in organic architecture there is little or no room for appliqué of any kind. I have never been fond of paints or of wallpaper or anything which must be applied to other things as a surface".

Now if it is really irrelevant to think of Tiepolo, or Ravenna, or the brothers Adam, or the Taj Mahal or the Sistine Chapel, or indeed of the caves of Lascaux, the author ought to stop a minute and say why, before he pulls his coonskin cap down over his ears.

There is another, specifically Usonian, attitude of Mr. Wright's that puts him out of touch with the European problem, certainly, and possibly with others.

"Everywhere, in a great new, free country, I could see only this mean tendency to tip everything in the way of human occupation or habitation up edgewise instead of letting it lie comfortably flatwise with the ground where spaciousness was a virtue. Nor has this changed much since automobilization has made it no genuine economic issue at all but has made it a social crime to crowd in upon one another".

Americans, lying as comfortably flatwise as they can afford all over Long Island and Connecticut, and no doubt elsewhere, have entirely learnt this lesson, and the problem now is to re-create and re-interpret the big city. The obsession of our generation, inheritors of the most depressing disorganised and generally beaten-up cities in

the history of the world, is not with "the individual integrate and free in an environment of his own", but with that equipoise between the individual and society which the small cities of the past so perfectly expressed and we have to rediscover.

I have emphasized the things that divide us from Mr. Wright because his large claims produce this almost automatic reaction. But one must not forget that his anarchism, so essential a component of the modern movement in the arts that we are inclined to take it for granted, is still quite strange to millions of apparently educated people. In other words, this book is still needed.

"By now I had committed the indiscretion that was eventually to leave me no peace and keep me from ever finding satisfaction in anything superficial. That indiscretion was a determination to search for the qualities in all things".

What Mr. Wright, with Churchillian understatement, calls an "indiscretion", is, at the moment it happens to anyone young or old, something like a revelation, strictly and enduringly life-enhancing. Into those hands we must hope that this book will come.

Some Clues to Durer

"WATERCOLORS BY ALBERT DURER." Edited by Anna Maria Cetto. The Macmillan Company. \$5.50.

by Robert Rosenblum

Dürer's watercolors contain some special keys to the master's art. Unlike his paintings and prints, they were generally made for the artist's personal study portfolio, and as such, they not only give us a more immediate insight into Dürer's endless curiosity about the data of the natural world,

but even some glimmerings of a pictorial freedom which might have been unacceptable in his commissioned efforts. The present selection of 32 color-plates is a handsome introduction to this, one of the most private aspects of Dürer's work.

There are preliminary projects for paintings here, but by and large, it is the direct studies from nature which are the most fascinating. There is, for example, the astonishing *Sea Crab*, seen by Dürer during his Venetian trip, and grasped by his Northerner's eye and brush with not only a zoological accuracy of detail, but with a sense of the armored truculence inherent to the creature; or consider the famous *Young Hare* from the Albertina, executed with a comparably marvelous precision, and capturing the animal's quivering tenseness and withdrawal. And the same combination of artist-scientist can be seen in the *Fir Tree*, which stands as isolated on the page as a botany textbook illustration, but which at the same time breathes with that mysterious light which animates the trees of Altdorfer's Germanic forests. To the observer who is acquainted only with the linear mastery of Dürer's prints, the landscape water-colors may also be a revelation, for they are of a looseness, breadth, and sensitivity to atmosphere which seem to leap forward to the 19th century.

In addition to the rewards of these informal glimpses into Dürer's art, the sequence of plates suggests once again how the master of Nuremberg, with his ever-curious eye and intellect, gradually assimilated the premises of the Italian Renaissance, a transformation which may be seen most strikingly by comparing the first and last plates of this volume — the 1496 *Couple on Horseback*, with its spiky, detailed forms, and the 1526 *Annunciation*, with its large, full rhythms and spatial amplitude.

The brief text and more extensive notes are happily concise and informative, and more trustworthy in quality than the plates, which at times — especially in the landscape sketches — transcend Dürer's own freedom of color and brushstroke.

Artists' Symbols

"SIGNS AND SYMBOLS IN CHRISTIAN ART,"
by George Ferguson. Oxford University Press. \$10.00.

by James Mellow

It seems unfortunate that the author of this compendium of more than 250 signs and symbols widely used in Christian art should have resolved upon so matter-of-fact and lexicographic a presentation and have availed himself so little of the many fine reproductions from the Samuel H. Kress collection which accompany his text. The primary value of Mr. Ferguson's book, however, is that it can increase our enjoyment of the art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance by making us aware of much that we might otherwise take for delightful trappings. For this we should be indebted to him. Although the apple seems always to bring the backward look, over the

shoulder, to Eve; and even gardens, whenever they are presented for our inspection in art and literature, invariably recall Eden to mind, there is, as Mr. Ferguson amply demonstrates, a world whose implications have lain sleeping since the Renaissance.

Except for the moment when a poet or a painter wakens them to life, the peach, the pear, and the cherry are apt to lie tinned and plastic-wrapped in the supermarket, exercising little effect upon our imaginations. Less common phenomena, the pomegranate, the peacock, and the white-furred ermine, have either become luxuries or they are taken for mere wonders. For the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, it must have been inevitable that these things should be seen as bearing witness to God's creativity. The pomegranate, with its treasury of seeds, its red blood, could claim by nature the right of ecclesiastical symbol, that of Christ's Church and of the Blood which had established it; and the ermine, thought to prefer death to impurity, was, of course, an object lesson on the life of sanctity. This aptitude for "objective correlatives," whether of religious truths or of the conventions of chivalrous love, was in the very nature of an age that craved, as J. Huizinga assures us, to give "concrete form to every concept of the mind."

If such analyses seem naive or extravagant to us, it is not because that aptitude has been repudiated. In a highly intellectual and complex fashion, it has been made to serve other ends, our observations turning, as they do, towards political and social events which we analyze in terms of economic forces and world concepts, or towards individual actions in which we see the realizations of psychological theories. They are sciences of another sort,

but there is in them something of the explication of the text of the world.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ferguson gives us an opportunity to review that much smaller world in which the artist of the Middle Ages took his delight; the world of fruit and flowers, of domestic and wild animals and birds, a world which still charms us but in which our impulse is toward the decorative rather than the significant. Matisse's cut-leaf philodendron and the moon-blue parakeet have become the decor of daily living at a gracious level. It remains for art still to renew those deeper intuitions which men of another time have felt in the presence of the physical world; the art of the present no less than the past. There is, perhaps, no better example of that aptitude we associate with the Middle Ages than the poetry of Marianne Moore, a world of exemplary creatures. And in painting, Cézanne, Bonnard, Picasso and Matisse have summoned meanings for us from the placid life of objects lying on a table. They are not, perhaps, the specifically religious meanings which Mr. Ferguson has catalogued in his book, but neither are they the mere face-value of decoration. The artist still has, in Rouault's words, that "window to life and to all that the past conceals from the living."

It is in the Church that the religious symbology of Mr. Ferguson's book survives, although for many of us, it is tradition, merely, no longer meditated upon. There is, however, in the canonization ceremonies of a new saint, with the offertory of the gilded and the silvered loaves, the kegs of wine, and the cages of doves and turtle-doves and small, singing birds, a vivid reminder of that participation which the natural world, along with man, may take in the celebration of the Divine.

Biagio di Antoni da Firenze: *Adoration of the Child with Saints and Donors*. Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa, Oklahoma (Kress Collection)



Films by Vernon Young

"The Gate of Hell"

The world of the Japanese film—judging by three productions shown here to date—is a world of violence depicted on a bamboo-and-paper fan. A grunting combat to the death is fought in a wooded glade where the sun strikes medallions of light from ruthless swords; an unguided boat drifts on a reed-bordered lake in a night scene by Hiroshige—the boat contains a corpse; a defeated warrior falls among sand-dunes with blood from his split-open face spurting over his white tunic, and his felled image is "dissolved" through a shot of lacy-white tidal foam. Behind the lacquer-box decor, the celestial unreality of the landscape, the formalism of gesture, lurks the treachery of the heart and the perennial fact of rapine and pillage—while the *samisen* laments like a soul trapped in a tree. It has been comparatively easy for Western audiences (or a select fraction thereof) to appreciate the evident beauty and the exotic stimulus of alien stance and costume; it has not been as pertinently remarked that the subject of "Rasho Mon" and of "Ugetsu", as of the current arrival, "The Gate of Hell"—however much they may differ stylistically—is man's outrage against man.

Comparisons of excellence are unnecessary. "The Gate of Hell", filmed in Eastman color by Teinosuke Kinugasa, is yet another (and not the least sanguinary) version of that complete ease and refinement of power which

enthralled us in the art of Kurasawa and Mizoguchi. Blending the principal components of film-making—light, sound and motion—into new syntheses, three Japanese directors have challenged whatever hierarchy of great films one may have already established in the memory. "The Gate of Hell" has psychological as well as dramatic properties common to the others: the violation theme of "Rasho Mon" and the internecine civil background of "Ugetsu" (four centuries earlier). In its own right, it is a film experience qualitatively unique, a thing of sustained, breath-forcing beauty wherein color, as never before in a feature film I can remember, is a living integrated feature of the whole movement—not simply an element of the momentary composition. The opening sequence, where ignorant armies clash by brazen light, bombards the eye with sombre reds as the Minamoto rebels assault the Kyoto palace and are resisted by the Taira clan. When the action has attained its peak, ice-blue tones dominate; as it reaches a lull, one sharp-red note returns in a close shot of scarlet reins around the neck of a bullock. There is a pursuit across an open waste of beach grass, lethal arrows flying to their marks beneath a clement sky; a horse-race, scarlet caparisons rivalling purple; interior scenes that glow softly from amber flames blooming in the shadows of burnished paneling; a moonlight denouement as hus-

band and wife, before the final tragedy, drink saki in a frozen blue-green serenity of atmosphere.

At every moment sight is thus beguiled by incomparable modulations of color, but the source of this iridescent splendor is a matter of singular ferocity—herein lies the genius of the film's odd construction. The insurrection that starts the film off in a flailing advance of color and brutality serves as overture, supplying the key both to the political turmoil by which the domestic tragedy is initiated and to the personality of Moritoh (played by Kazuo Hasegawa as a kind of samurai Bothwell), whose unbridled and unrelenting lust for Lady Kesa, the negative expression of his courage as a warrior, impels the main subject. (Kesa is the lovely Machiko Kyo, the wife in "Rasho Mon" and the "witch" in "Ugetsu"). Moritoh persists in his obsession, the more so when he learns that Kesa is already wed to the nobleman, Wataru. (Here, Hasegawa's acting suggests the frustration of a demonic bullfrog). Against the falsely confident protest of the passive husband, "Force cannot move a heart," he pits his insane will, and it is this curious imbalance of forces—the violent wooer and the gentle man in possession, with the Lady Kesa as an ambiguously fragile object of contention between—that shapes the rhythm and the conflict of the story. To the end the counter-movements are maintained. As Moritoh approaches in the white night to enforce his demands, a gentle wind stirs the knee-high grasses like a polite premonition, and the closing shots of the film rise from the Mars-violet Gate of Hell through which Moritoh takes the path of expiation to a heaven of aloof and opalescent clouds.

No doubt of it: the biggest news of the second half of the movie's century is neither the development of the anamorphic lens nor the reconquest of Rome and Egypt by Southern California's Vandals—nor even the debut of Audrey Hepburn... It is the introduction to the Western world of the Japanese film.

Cinema of the Golden Age

A festival of film masterpieces shown for the first time in a generation will on view at the 55th Street Playhouse in New York through Feb. 10. Among the films included in the "Golden Age" festival are G. W. Pabst's "Secrets of a Soul", Eisenstein's "Ten Days that Shook the World", Pudovkin's "The End of St. Petersburg" and Fritz Lang's "Metropolis".

Principals in "The Gate of Hell"





Joseph Pickett: *Lehigh Canal, Sunset, New Hope, Pa.* In traveling show of American primitives in Europe.

American Folk Art of the 17th to the 20th Century

by Sam Feinstein

In art, Europeans apparently prefer Americans to be innocents abroad. At least that seems to have been their response to the exhibition of American Folk Art of the 17th to the 20th Century. Opened in Lucerne by our ambassador to Switzerland, its itinerary includes Vienna, Munich, Hamburg, Oslo and London before returning to this country, and, if the Swiss press is a gauge of its popularity, no American exhibition in Europe has received even a tenth of the attention thus far given to this show.

The plan for the exhibition, submitted to the State Department by Otto Kallir, director of Galerie St. Etienne, was executed by the Smithsonian Institute under the direction of Mrs. John A. Pope, with Mr. Kallir, Jean Lipman (who also wrote the catalogue introduction) and museum officials assisting in an advisory capacity. Twelve museums and 44 private collectors contributed, including 38 paintings from the National Gallery's Garbisch Collection. The work covers a period beginning only a few decades after the landing of the Mayflower and continues through today's living primitive artists, with Edward Hicks and Grandma Moses receiving particular acclaim abroad.

Among the earliest examples here are portraits. Their artists, called Limners, were second generation Americans whose memories of European art were soon modified by their orientation within the new environment. Their visage-paintings, though technically ingenuous, are directly stated, often keenly observed and harmonically organized characterizations. The portraits of children have made a special impression: Europeans have been unfamiliar with their depiction other than through slick portraiture. And perhaps, symbolically, the childhood of America itself, its alternately naive and shrewd alertness, makes its deepest appeal to the old world; its homey, close-to-the-soil character, rather than today's industrialized, skyscraped, moneyed America, whose technological achievements are both derided and held in awe.

The Wild, Wild West

by Robert Rosenblum

Happily, the lure of the West, so familiar to 19th century American painting, has at least one living and rigorous exponent. This is William R. Leigh, husband of designer Ethel Traphagen.

This painter has continued the tradition of Frederic Remington and Charles Russell right down to our own time. His efforts are spread out sumptuously at the Grand Central Galleries (Jan. 11 to 29), beginning with a glimpse of the work done during Leigh's student years in Munich at the end of the last century. These scenes of gamblers and murderers announce early the artist's penchant for the dramatic as well as his bravura technical equipment. There are examples, too, of his later paintings of Africa (as characteristic a stimulus to the late romantic imagination as the Far West) in the scenes of safaris. But it is really not until Leigh travels to the American West that he finds his true forte.

To see these paintings as old-fashionedly lurid and bombastic is to be deprived of some very real, if unsophisticated, pictorial pleasures. The subjects are hardly unfamiliar — savage Indians battling with still more savage buffaloes; unabashedly gorgeous settings and risings of the sun; horses and cowboys captured in contorted motion; canyons, ravines, waterfalls — but their furious dynamism and dazzling virtuosity make them difficult to resist. They are at their most effective, naturally, when they are at their most enormous, for here the assets of this genre are given the freest reign. Of these, the *Buffalo Hunt*, some 6 by 10 feet, is characteristic, and given the inclination, one easily succumbs to this feast of baroque brio and movement, to the glittering light and purple shadows, to the infectious energy of concept and execution (all the more remarkable when one learns that this is painted only seven years ago when the artist was 80). And the mammoth *King of Canyon*, with its purples, oranges, and pinks, is quite as spectacular in its extravagant expanses of space and light. The Wild West may be something of an anachronism in 1954, but in Leigh's hands, it is at least a thoroughly enjoyable one.

This exhibition of folk art has two significant aspects. It reflects the history, customs and manner of thinking of the American people, and, as an unspoiled vision of nature, indicates a continued approach by primitives through three centuries which has been identified as essentially American rather than European in its expression — a viewpoint less concerned with the illusion of things in terms of light and shade than with their hardness and palpability, the crisp separation of tangibles in nature.

The interest shown by Europeans is not unmixed with criticism: the paintings, they say, are not very imaginative or transcendent, they are more matter of fact and puritan in spirit. They admit, however, that the knowledge of primitive painting will now have to be broadened to include, beyond France's Henri Rousseau, an international school of folk artists.

And the ubiquitous Yankee know-how is, all agree, manifest in this show. If the American folk artist wants to paint, he simply begins, without need for its sanction by the weighty tradition which has burdened the Europeanized mind. The latter's enjoyment of the folk painter's images is therefore bittersweet: these visions of the primitive's world are both refreshingly and poignantly nostalgic.

William R. Leigh: *Buffalo Hunt*



Fortnight in Review

Lee Hersch

It would take more than one room to offer a truly retrospective exhibition of a man who had his first one man show in 1914 and painted steadily till his death in 1953, but from the few canvases dated in the late 20s until Hersch's early abstractions in the 40s there is a consistent sensual manipulation of paint, a respect for the textural qualities of surface which led to the final release of his tactile and visual responses in the last five or six years of his life. It was as if some spring of creativity had been finally touched, and brilliant color, movement and hitherto unreleased emotion swept over a series of small canvases in a rush which didn't allow for the pause to sign his name.

Unlike the French tachists and the paint-weaving of Pollock, Hersch was dealing with a substrata of form which he masked behind a tracery of white, yellow and black lines which give a festive air to a sometimes ominous gathering of forms in the background.

It is this late series of abstractions, for the most part, untitled, which form the body of this show. Most of them have never been seen in this country before though some were exhibited in a room set aside in memorium for Hersch last year at the Salon des Realites Nouvelles in Paris. Only the figurative work borrowed from American collections serve as reminders of his long acceptance in this country and this current show should attract even more attention to work which has the rich painterly quality of the French plus the vigour of American painting today. (Riverside Museum, Jan. 9 to 30.)—L.G.

Frederick Franck

Phases of the objective world and the artist's response to it are blended in the paintings of Frederick Franck (Passedoit, to Jan. 8.). In them natural forms seem to have evoked a mental image, set down in formal arabesque, revealing both emotional and cerebral significance. In a series of olive trees, the gnarled tree boles patterning the foreground planes, admit glimpses of landscape. They are soundly organized canvases, each broad brush stroke, each linear definition contributing to the validity of the design. Curiously they suggest a continuation beyond the canvas, as though the artist had chosen only a fragment of his visual experience to interpret his theme.

Other phases of his work include the building up of a hillside with slanting planes, accented with light and shadow; the interstices and projections of a cliff integrated into a plastic unity: the fantasies of gelid birds in winter shrubs and the same shrubs filled with fluttering birds in summer.

Franck's pen and ink drawings (at Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, to Jan. 16) convey that "first fine rapture" of the artist's vision, a spontaneity secured by surety of craftsmanship, hand appearing to follow instinctively the impulse of mind. Many of the subjects are coastal towns of the Mediterranean, carried out in purity of linear pattern without tonal modulations or play of chiaroscuro. The thrust of the bare poles

of fishing boats in the foreground, the curving beaches with their clustering houses as background, are woven into an intricacy of pattern, which serves as framework for the open spaces integrated into the design. There are also included two nude figures carried out in almost evanescent contours, yet establishing a sense of mass and curvaceous form, with a tension of vitality throughout it. —M.B.

Sonia Delaunay

The first comprehensive American showing of this painter, the widow of Robert Delaunay, reveals her as a sincere and gifted artist. Though following in the footsteps of her husband's "Orphic" period, Sonia Delaunay is not a mere disciple, for her style has individuality, especially noticeable in the gouaches.

Her kinship with the Expressionist school can be traced in the canvases of 1907 and 1908. Both *Etude de Philomene* and *Finnlandaise* have the bold conceptualism and disquieting emotionalism connected with this feverish era. In 1915 Sonia Delaunay's work undergoes transition. As in *Marche au Minbo*, the purer elements of abstraction make their appearance through the intrusion of geometric and symbolic characters upon figurative forms. Afterwards the change solidified and "Orpheus" took command. It produced such works as *Composition Rhythm* and *Composition* (outstanding in the show) which pay homage to her husband's vision. The vigor and tensions of these works are diminished in the 1950 series where complex structure gives way to expansive and reflective color areas. This is perhaps as it should be for one who has had a long and searching creative life.

(Fried, Jan. 5 to Feb. 6.)—A.N.

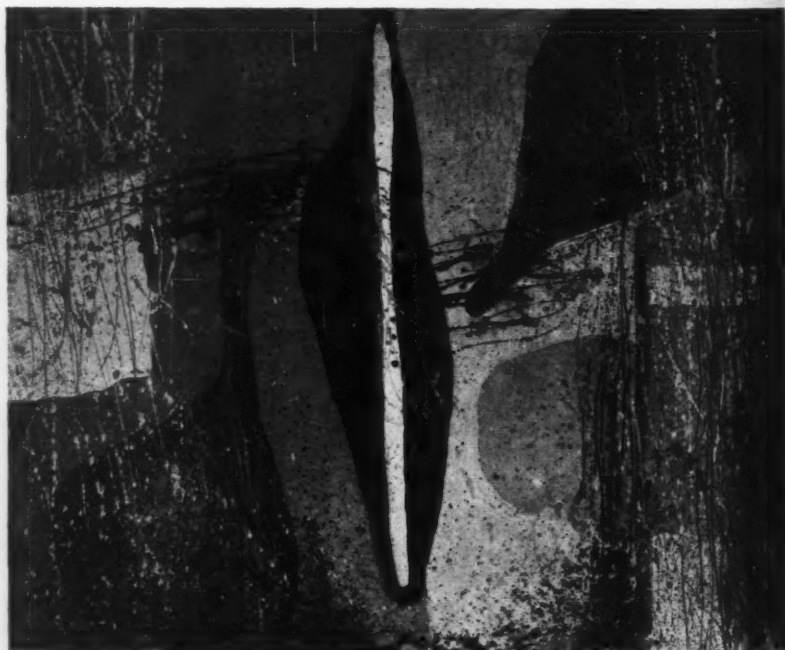


Frederick Franck: *Winter Willows*

Bernard Perlin

In addition to a sound technical accomplishment, Bernard Perlin possesses the gift of imaginative "total recall" of painting subjects, while at a distance from them. But the chromatic splendor with which he endows his architectural themes removes them far from descriptive realism into the realm of mystery. The *Spanish Stairs*, a strange agglomeration of tangential steps and soaring towers appears not only amazing, but imbued with a sinister, rhadamanthan awe in its all-over suffusion of glowing reds. The *Salute*, rises up out of an opalescence of delicate hues, a dematerialized vision of the famous church, yet firmly realized in its conformation, even in some of its sculptural details. The *Coliseum*, at night loses its grimness through the erubescence glow streaming through its tiers of window spaces, meeting below a mist of cerulean hues and gleaming reflections. But the artist's palette is not confined to these vehement notes, in *The Shore*, modulations of gray, applied with pointilliste dots carries out a breadth of design with nice distinctions of textures of beach, water and sky in muted tones. (Viviano, Jan. 3 to 22.)—M.B.

Lee Hersch: *Untitled*

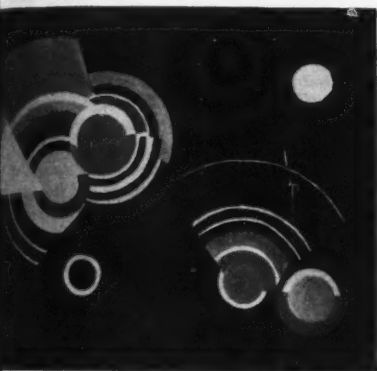


Nevelson

The central piece here is *Bride of the Black Moon*, the one ensemble of wood containing a female figure, African style. Four other geometric wood constructions, entirely black, are: *Savage Majesty*, *The Forgotten City*, *That Silent Place*, *Black Splendor*, representing "four continents" visited by the "bride."

Louise Nevelson's etchings are related to the sculptures as images from the voyage. *Pines in the Winds* and *Archaic Figures*, as darkly inked as the sculpture, and other mysterious landscapes, draw the observer into an intricate, murky texture of forms trembling against a void.

The terra cotta pieces, embodying some of the forms suggested in the etchings, are substantially stronger. *Sphinx* is complex, a very inventive shape, whimsically occult with scratched-in eyes and signs. Dove confirms the evidence that Mrs. Nevelson possesses a fertile plastic imagination. (Grand Central Moderns, to Jan. 25.)—S.B.



Sonia Delauney: *Composition*, 1946

Bill Bomar

Thoughtful and reflective, Bill Bomar's paintings are organized with a sensibility which transforms his intuitive response to nature's forms into painted images distilled through his rational analysis of their relation to the picture plane.

Bomar finds that the selected and modified specifics of naturalistic form can provide him with a base for pictorial invention, projecting the object as a stimulating overtone. Especially effective in this show are his *Grasses* paintings and *Blue Door*. (Weyhe, to Jan. 25.)—S.F.

Hyde Solomon

Here are 12 oils of landscape subjects in a style which might be called analytical impressionism. As Monet, in his enthusiasm for sunlight, painted the same haystack at different times during the day, Mr. Solomon in his enthusiasm for paint takes a *Southern Landscape* through six different impressions, each one carefully keyed according to a different color formula. In most of the pictures the brush strokes make a clear and definite texture and the placement of each stroke is weighed so that each is set apart, either by a change in color or direction. In some, though there is no clear delineation of space, the density of the strokes is so heavy as to suggest a rainfall of paint across the picture plane. (Peridot, to Jan. 22.)—S.B.

Matta

Although he was in the "Younger Americans" show last year, Matta rightfully belongs with that international set of artists. His work—its intention and obsessions—is radically different from most of what today we can say with certainty has grown out of the American environment and experience. His is more stylish, has more elegance. In the strict sense his work has a decor.

If some aspects of American culture are the epitome of materialist achievement which has strong attractions for artists who are not native to this country, Matta likewise has been seduced visually by the superficial and is agog over the products rather than the spirit of the American contribution to the modern world.

Many of his paintings are as bright and shiny as the latest model automobile that has just rolled off the assembly line with all the chrome gleam, its lines bent into a strained design ready to use all 140 horsepower in a burst of speed.

This sense of speed flows from Matta's potent and dazzling draftsmanship which he brings into action to express his ideas of space. His current idea is to demonstrate, in some of the works, an explosion of cubism, in the literal sense. Matta depicts a breaking out of a cube. And elsewhere he describes a smashing of interior-exterior planes of space; the landscape merges with the props of the interior, the figure, and all become part of a panoramic design that includes shooting stars and galaxies.

The color of the new paintings has the staccato and garish sensation of neon lights—the dominant color scheme is a variation on greens, reds and grays—all blinking with highlights.

Matta's pictures are made up of events and properties which he posits as symbols of 20th century experience; they become vast time-space dramas, definitely literary and non-abstract and against the main currents of contemporary painting. (Janis, thru Jan.)—V.C.

Sculpture Group

John Hovannes' award winning *Floating Figure* is an ingenious handling of the subject in carved wood, in which the body becomes indistinct as it lies partially beneath rippling fretwork.

A marvelously conceived form of a cat by José de Creeft has a continuous flowing line inviting the hand as well as the eye to follow it. It is elegant in its simplicity. Also to be noted is the highly individualistic style of Gabriel Kohn. The stalwartness of his imaginative bull is suggested by a hulking angular structure having several legs and a rough porous texture. Weird figures with spindly legs and dark cavernous faces are Barbara Leckberg's *Dancing Maenads*.

Full of new surprises from every angle, *Desert Blossom*, by Luise Kaish is an inventive composition. There is a visual pull to the core of this work.

Dominating one wall are wooden carved altar panels by Oliver O'Connor Barrett, titled *Hymn to Creation*. Other plastic forms are by Amino, sculpturesque figures by Nina Winkel, an impressive kneeling figure by Sardeau, and the distinctive style of Nickford in Maya. (Sculpture Center, to Jan. 22.)—C.L.F.

Bill Bomar: *Autumn Grasses*



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Digest

Stankiewicz

The materials for his sculptures, the artist says, are laid at his doorstep by his friends who pick up cast-off scrap metal from the streets: rusty radiators, smashed horns, gas jets, oil filters, spark plugs, tail pipes, etc.

With these *almost* ready-mades, Richard Stankiewicz, who is a most witty and astute constructor, has fabricated 16 free-standing sculptures and two metal bas-reliefs. Several of the pieces are small abstractions which could stand up well against much of the work which has been shown around recently. His work is mostly figurative, however, and while it is of significance as sculpture one is aware of being too much impressed by the pure ingenuity of his putting together

bent exhaust pipes and part of a rear bumper to create such a thing as *The Young Lady*—a wonderfully graceful, hippy and buxom womanly configuration. And there is a very small *Family Group* made of a caster, an armature from a generator and an eye bolt which is as deft and right as an excellent cartoon.

It appears that Stankiewicz has the aptitude and the ability to face the task of making more ambitious sculptures but he has not yet felt the impulse. At the moment he is content to do these minor but delightful things. (Hansa, to Jan. 15—this gallery will be open Sundays from noon to 6 p.m.)—H. C.

Martin Friedman

As if emerging from the blue depths of night time luminosity, the semi-abstract images of Martin Friedman's paintings are mysterious semblances of realistic form: figures and landscape elements become definite without being detailed, their presences bathed in layers of color which are both palpable and translucent; inner visions burnished into their evocative state.

The Pilgrims and *Enchantment* are especially effective in this exhibition. (Babcock, to Jan. 22.)—S.F.

Fritz Winter

Though painted with great freedom and spontaneity, the oils of Fritz Winter are conceived with an extremely conscious and intellectual effort. This "will" does not negate the provocative and subjective content of Winter's art. It indicates the artist's command of strong formal discipline through which he creates moving emotional states.

The dominant blacks that permeate his pictures with a melancholy brooding, if not a sense of imminent danger, allow emerging color to signal hypnotically, almost desperately. The brilliant color passages of *Blue, Yellow*—1954 issue from a black night with one joyous shout. In some paintings acute tensions and jostling forms utter a nervous and perilous cry, while others like *Arriving Blue*, 1954 and *Between Black Space*, 1954 murmur mysteriously and without joy. On a technical level these paintings are fine examples of space control and plasticity through color, eloquent testimonies of Winter's grasp of color-form relationships. (Kleemann)—A.N.

Ralph Nelson

The artist's premature death in 1953 cut short his search for a synthesis between two strongly contrasting pulls in his work. Studying with Hans Hofmann pushed him into abstraction sooner, perhaps, than he should have ventured into so undefined an area and it is a tribute to his courage and sincerity that in 1949 he went back to pick up the humanist and figurative expression which he had not yet explored to his own satisfaction. This is especially interesting in the light of his success with works like *The Crows* in 1947 and before that, with the lovely, semi-surrealist gouaches based on natural forms which he was painting before his imprisonment as a conscientious objector.

Undoubtedly the years of confinement affected his outlook and caused a renewed search for values — *Garden in the Asylum* and *The Prisoner*—which demanded a more literal outlet. Nelson's response to the

warm sense of life in Italy then brought forth a series of watercolors which are direct testaments of youth and sunshine as well as a reappraisal of his own painting.

It is unfortunate that he did not have a chance to fuse the obviously sincere sensibility and the clear morality he sought but there is a record here of an honest search. (Riverside Museum, Jan. 9 to 30.)—L.G.

Leger's Ceramics

The digression into ceramics which has lately occupied the elder generation of painters in Paris has tended to isolate certain decorative and frivolous aspects of their talents at the expense of their expressive powers. The ceramic form itself is doubtless involved here, yet it ought to be recognized too that this digression has caught some of these artists in moments of relaxation, if not actual decline. Of Leger this is particularly true. The broad bands of color, the cartoon-like conceptions of figures, and the general lack of subtlety and expressive force in his recent paintings have prepared us for the projection of these characteristics into his ceramic pieces. Most of these works are hung like bas-reliefs on the wall, and they afford the sensation of seeing the forms of the artist's paintings emerging into three actual dimensions. The natural smooth ceramic surface also tends to disarm one's criticism of Leger's painted surfaces, for here the recent tendencies to slickness have a technical justification. By and large, it can be said that certain of Leger's mannerisms reach their logical goals in these works. This may be a dubious fate for a painter so far advanced in reputation as Leger, and as one passes from piece to piece in the current exhibition, one wonders inevitably how long such a reputation will withstand the onslaught on his recent works. (Janis)—H.K.

Val Telberg

"Camera is my proof and my intimate connection with reality," says Val Telberg of his current exhibition of composite photography. "Once I have this link . . . then I can venture out and create fantasy, super-reality or non-reality. Then my fantasy gives me perspective on what is not fantasy—the daily life, the lemming world, and the people, wherever I went, who had an inbuilt hurt."

The photographs here are created through a process in which several negatives are printed together so as to superimpose their multiple images on paper, emphasizing certain of their aspects, eliminating others and merging their new unity into a context which has its own convincing drama. Their montage, giving free play to stream-of-consciousness creativity, is composed with a pictorial sensibility which avoids the traces of arbitrary juxtaposition; the interpenetrating appearances are not only visually handsome in their fluid patterns but often become psychological documents of a haunting poignancy, transforming factual fragments into poetic revelations. (Hacker, to Jan. 29.)—S.F.

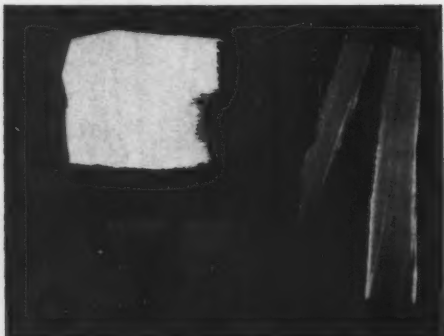
Tanager Annual

There are about 80 [sic!] artists involved in covering this gallery's walls with a cheerfully chaotic sprinkling of samples by some of the best—or at least, most vigorously experimental—artists in these parts.

Martin Friedman: *Church Supper Festival*



Fritz Winter: *Blue, Yellow*



Val Telberg: *Photomontage*



To mention such names as Kline or Brooks is to indicate that most of the works here are in what is commonly called (with increasing vagueness) an abstract-expressionist vein. Since this approach is most effective in large-scale paintings, and since all the works shown are about Xmas card size, this is hardly the place to feel the pulse of any particular painter or to measure this style at its best. The pictures, in fact, look like excerpts from larger works, and even when they are elegant and subtle on this small scale (as is the case with Cherry, Dugmore, or Pearlstein), their voices are drowned out by the over-all tumult. But this is really not a complaint at all, for the spectacle of these fragmented splotches of paint (or metal) not only comprises a tasty avant-garde smorgasbord, but even suggests, if one can begin to focus on individual works amidst the variety and confusion, that the future of American art is in skilled and enthusiastic hands. (Tanager, to Jan. 20.)—R.R.

Jay Soeder

This exhibition of a young painter, who teaches in Fort Wayne, Indiana, shows him to be in a transitional stage. His earlier work, quite geometric in concept, gives way to more lyrical and spontaneous interpretations of landscape. Certain features of the older paintings, however intrude arbitrarily into his expressionist versions, confusing the pictorial idea. The change is undoubtedly for the better as the older works appear too often intellectually contrived, without deep conviction or stylistic authority. (Perdalma, Jan. 2-23.)—A.N.

William Pachner

The artist has lived in the U.S. for 15 years and during the six that he has been an exhibiting artist has had a spectacular success. His first pictures were tragic expressions of ideological crimes, European memories and symbols of hope and peace. Deeply humanistic, their affectiveness was due as much to their subject as to the way in which they were painted.

These new works, while still held in thrall by memories of Europe, its historical cataclysms and the iconography of the Hebraic-Christian tradition for their subject matter, are now being painted with a growing understanding of some of the great plastic innovations that have occurred in our time.

An artist who is obviously motivated by ideas, his style has altered as there has been a clarification of his way of looking at and undergoing experience, both apparently as artist and citizen. His paintings have become increasingly broken up, formally, and this fragmentation has resulted in his use of non-local and dissonant color, precisely for its expressive power. He has begun to see the painting surface as an area that is accessible to radical composition. *Embrace*, for example, achieves a powerful simplicity through its broad handling and the cropping of a head of one figure without reducing the validity of the image. In other works the human visage is almost suppressed as the artist strives to fuse the forms of faces and landscape components according to some philosophic idea.

As Pachner becomes emancipated from the attachment he still has for the past, his considerable powers as a painter should be released to struggle with new visions of the new world. (Ganso, to Jan. 15.)—P.S.



William Pachner: *The Embrace*

Pachita Herself

Rich Coast, C. A., keynotes this exhibition of 11 oils by Pachita Crespi, a Costa Rican artist and the owner of the gallery. *Ano Nuevo* and *New Year's U. S.* interpret the two American cultures, the difference in their music and their gaiety. *Mountains of Milk*, an interesting composition, and *Flower Arrangement* suggest something further than appearances, an effort to delve into the character of the forms. The latter, and another still-life called *Bounty*, an enlargement of a variety of tropical fruits, deep orange, green, red, and blue, point out the artist's sensibility to tactile values. (Crespi, to Jan. 21.)—S.B.

Dali

He has opened a new campaign in the U.S. with this showing of 16 works from the last six months on the theme that Dali now considers "the most creative of them all: Discontinued Matter." While Dali may be kidding himself that the images of these works are in some immediate relation to nuclear physics, etc., and therefore provide a quenching of "the new thirst and starvation of the people for ultra concrete images" it is an impertinence on the artist's part to imagine that he has pre-

empted the visualization of fission in matter.

For those who are eager to believe that the function of a painter might be to visualize scientific formulations, then these recent fragmented pictures based on realistic motifs may provide some gullible gratification. However, Dali's approach is entirely rational, as is the calculation in his technique. His art is one of craft, almost mechanized. It leaves one chilled because of its cold dexterity. Its presumptuousness rules out the possibility of sympathy. (Carstairs, thru Jan.)—H.C.

Matrix Group

Although the 15 artists represented here are somewhat uneven in caliber, the overall impression is lively and experimental. For this, one must thank such artists as Bruce MacGibney, who transforms views of nature into suavely textured and colored abstractions; Max Kahane, who attractively plays off small and vivid splashes of color against a scratchy black grid; Gerson Leiber, who changes the spiky forms of a TV aerial into a witty color-engraving; Romas Viesulas, whose lithographs are effectively somber and dramatic; Robert Goodman, whose intimate crayon landscape evokes a magical fairytale atmosphere. (Matrix,)—R.R.

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Old Master Prints

From its permanent collection, increased by a recent gift of 11 etchings by Rembrandt and engravings by Dürer, and including some loans from the Weyhe Gallery, the Brooklyn Museum is offering a magnificent show of 130 prints. Miss Una E. Johnson, the curator of prints and drawings, who has done much in the cause of contemporary prints, said: "We consider it equally important to take stock of the clear, concise graphic statements made by great artists of the past."

The stock is impressive. From Altdorfer to Zocchi—or, to start chronologically, from the first Latin edition of Voragine's *Lives of the Saints* (1474) to a *Veduta* by Luigi Rossini, dated 1821—the excellence of condition must be rejoiced in as much as the scope of the selections. The collection of Rembrandt's etchings ranks as a complete show in itself. There is the very early portrait of his mother and, from his tender, pastoral side the lovely *Landscape with a Hay-Barn* and a *Flock of Sheep* in which, minutely, a horse rolls on the grass. The nine Durer's include *The Knight, Death, and the Devil*, *Melancholia*, and the *Virgin on a Crescent* as well as the less familiar, though very characteristic, *Young Couple Threatened by Death*.

Besides these titans there are individual gems: a ribald scene from Hogarth's *The Harlot's Progress*; three sins and one virtue by Pieter Breughel the Elder after Hieronymus Bosch; a panorama by Canaletto; two Lucas van Leydens; two works by Piranesi from the prison series which are much more free in drawing and imaginative in design than one usually sees; some calendar scenes of storybook charm by Jan van de Velde. An exhibition of prints often gives fresh perspectives upon artists who are more familiar as painters. *Jason and the Dragon* by Salvatore Rosa displays some virtuoso draftsmanship, and three illustrations by Giovanni Tiepolo are brilliantly composed.

Further, to pile Pelion on Ossa, there is an entire room devoted to Goya—25 aquatints, all but one from "Los Caprichos"; *Hasta La Muerte*, *Duendecitos* and *Que Pico de Oro!* are shown as well as the portrait of the artist. Most of these prints are first state, bringing out in full justice the somber contrasts and the stark insolation of the dwarfs, demons and dunces. (Brooklyn Museum, to Feb. 27.)—S.B.



Durer: *Young Couple Threatened by Death*

Balcomb Greene

The torn and fragmented images of Balcomb Greene are a direct outgrowth of the conceptual problem he poses in his paintings. Apparently desiring to wed non-figurative elements with figurative (in this case the nude figure), Greene faces a Hamlet-like situation. "To be" form or "not to be" form, and furthermore what form, abstract or representational? When the representational element is pushed too far, as in *Woman*, Greene shows us nothing new about the body image except that he endows it with a disturbing subjectivity. Attempting to reconcile the two possibly irreconcilable directions, certain canvases tend to remain ideationally unresolved. Of those that achieve a gruffing coherence despite Greene's dilemma, *Composition—The Storm* is a painting rich in color and form-structured into great beauty. In general, Green's use of glowing whites are especially emotive and sensual. From the windows in his compositions the whites flow like rivers of ghost-light merging into the iridescent corporality of his nudes. (B. Schaefer, to Jan. 15.)—A.N.

Edward Betts

Northern landscapes are the theme of this second one man show. Rocks, pines and snow scenes are particularly adaptable to the type of compositions he executes. He breaks his subject matter into patterns of angular planes running horizontally across the surface. This is well exemplified in *Drowned Coast*, a skillful design of interpenetrating planes. He does not become emotional, but restrains his technique. Although he abstracts nature to build a complex composition that has a very active surface, he does not lose the mood of his subject. To create clean-cut forms he employs a palette knife, and this, together with the fact that he uses clear cool colors, gives his work a certain freshness and austerity. His use of pure white accents, as in the background of *Path through the Woods*, adds to the luminosity already created through the medium of lacquer. (Contemporary Arts, to Jan. 24.)—C.L.F.

Jules Kirschenbaum

This first one-man exhibition is something of a portrait of the artist as a young man (at 24) because it so clearly intimates a sensibility as yet motivated by youthful sensitivity. Honest in his disappointments, his pictorial fulfillment is equally frank. In these scrupulously "representational", though hardly academic canvasses, the artist gives to his work a psychological dimension conveying the sense of a total passive disenchantment with the modern world, a feeling which converts his world of rooftops into pseudo-palazzos and its citizens into mannered mannikins in weird combinations of modern dress invoking again the Northern Italians of the late 15th century whom he very nearly apes. Surrealist and magic realist overtones, while enriching the literary scheme, are responsible, however, for the lack of larger, indigenous compositional envelopments, and the results are a bit too close to caricature—of the present and the past. Precociousness too may account for this distortion, but this show is a good start. (Salpeter, to Jan. 22.)—S.T.



Balcomb Greene: *Woman*

Tom Boutis

Containing little that is new or novel, Tom Boutis' work is nonetheless consistently interesting, for his non-figurative paintings contain the warmth of an artist who is earnestly searching for a pictorial rapport between the forms he sees in nature — most of the compositions are motivated by floral still lifes — and their translation into paint.

Boutis' paintings depend primarily on graphic linear elements as structural carriers for their color but the colors themselves develop nuances which are stated with a firm, modest harmony, implicit with the promise of greater richness to come. (Korman, to Jan. 22.)—S.F.

Charles Littler

For his first one-man show Littler is represented by a mixed group of oils which pursue many directions and devices within the abstract expressionist mode. His talent

inclines particularly to the heavy application of paint with an animated, nervous brush. The results are desultory, with no single direction declared with force. However, one small work shows a wonderful vitality: abstracted from a vase of flowers, the painting pulls together the artist's devices and mannerisms into successful image of hot-colored details juxtaposed against larger forms in cool color. (James, to Jan. 23.)—H.K.

Robert Schwartz

Returning from a recent Fulbright trip to Italy, Schwartz makes his first solo appearance in New York with a selection of drawings in black ink and colored washes. Several styles are included in the artist's vocabulary: a delicate use of the pen in which details of buildings and figures are organized around a knowledgeable disposition of white spaces; some colorful uses of Miró-esque shapes in the colored pieces; and a group which have the appearance of miniature stage settings, framed within the drawing in broad brush strokes and allowing a more sensational array of color. (Wellons, to Jan. 15.)—H.K.

Roland Oudet

These paintings of France differ widely from those by artists only seeking the picturesque in French scenes, for here a Frenchman speaks of a world that he knows and of which he is a part. His sensibility penetrates the character of place and records it authoritatively in accomplished terms of brushing and design. The aridity of the Provencal countryside, its rugous hills, its crumbling, ancient ruins are all set down in simplified spatial design, microcosms of an entire region. The contrast of Northern scenes, dark harbors with spreading sails, an agglomeration of old farm buildings juxtaposed solidly against one another are equally cogent revelations of a distinct way of life and living. A glowing still-life of fruits and vegetables, its rotundity of forms answering one another in rhythmic interplay is carried out in beauty of textures and color pattern. Although this is the artist's first showing in this city, he has held many exhibitions previously in Paris. (Knoedler, Jan. 4—23.)—M.B.

Gretna Campbell

These fervently painted landscapes (and also the figures, especially the *Descent From the Cross*) are charged with baroque qualities, even to the point of suggesting a direct Rubens influence.

Her second one-man show in four years, Miss Campbell has been studying at Aix on a Fulbright and some of the landscapes are of French scenes. Her 15 oils are a joy in many ways; they are rugged, jagged, full of spirit. She does not hesitate to try extremes in technique (scratching, palette knife, heavy brush strokes); in forms (the outline is asserted or denied strictly by intuition); in color (purples, red-pinks, browns, blues, greens come in patchwork abundance); in subject matter (*The Joy of Life*, *The Scourging of Christ*); in size (the canvas called *Studio* is almost as large as Matisse's *Piano Lesson*).

This is a talented painter, erring on the side of exuberance perhaps, but there are passages in the *Three Graces* and *Olive Trees* which suggest that exuberance, nowadays, may be on the side of the angels. (Artists' to Jan. 13.)—S. B.

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Broch

Whether you call them folding sculptures, "woodcuts," or "pushmobiles," Broch's works are delightful. Cut from one plank and set on a pivot, each piece can be manipulated into different shapes and relations expressing *Expectancy*, *Evolution*, *Child Playing With Fish* or simply the light, graceful nature of *Balsam* itself. The Catalan artist also carves in hard walnut, sugar pine, and pear, sometimes hewn, sometimes polished, and always wonderfully animated and intriguing both visually and tactilely. (Coeval, Jan. 9-29.)—S.B.

Antonio Music

His visions are being shown in oils and gouache and, most uniquely, in two hanging tapestries which were not only designed but manufactured by the artist — even to the dyeing of the woolen threads. Again his main topic is the horse, their graceful silhouettes against the background of Italian earth. In paintings, Music sees their movement, running past the mountains, playful in a corral. Blanketed and joined with men, lined together with their riders and facing a distant mountain, they blend into a supremely balanced composition and stand, reverent, patient, part of a monument past change. Men, horses and clay are dappled by a kindred coloration; a border also binds their interdependencies. In their praise Music finds soft, joyous colors: blue, rose, and the browns and tans of untimbered land.

Two important canvases are *Ida on Horseback* and a large *Nude*. The latter lies under the earth like an Etruscan Venus, poised in a gray cocoon. (Cadby-Birch, to Feb. 11.)—S.B.

Cy Twombly

The will-to-form underlies every work of art that is respectable. Without the formative drive being in the work, the observer is at a loss—he cannot respond or follow either passively or actively. This seems to be the difficulty with this sequence of white and off-white pictures; they have not been formed.

The white paint has been applied in an uneven manner and there are certain gratuitous textures created from underpaintings with varying impastos. The color areas of the underpaintings also when covered by varying thicknesses of the white paint make for gratuitous areas of off-white coloration.

Into these surfaces Twombly has incised with the tip of a palette knife, a lead-pencil or a piece of charcoal a tracery of lines, carelessly and aimlessly. There is no relationship or function between the direction of the scrawl or the scribble and the white or off-white patterns. No unity is established and the painted areas remain unintegrated with the line, both victimized by a hapless automatism.

These paintings hang as a reminder that to be enamoured of creating the work of art without the will-to-form taking command leaves the effort stillborn. (Stable, Jan. 10-29.)—H.C.

Elizabeth Markell

Here is a variety of print styles, prints ranging from the academic to the expressionistic to the whimsical. She proves herself a capable draftsman in her minutely



Broch: *Expectancy (cherry)*

detailed *The Missouri*. Nice handling of light and dark areas is shown in a realistic village scene titled *Pisco*.

Very like Klee, she becomes whimsical in one colored abstract print containing bulbous floating forms with tiny window-like apertures. Her soft coloring within black lines is also reminiscent of Klee. Freely interpreting a boat scene, she creates an interesting composition of sails and hulls in another work.

Recently she has used a stencil process on brightly colored prints. They are stronger than her other work and characterized by energetic black lines meandering on the surface. (Argent, to Jan. 15.) —C.L.F.

Zucker

Colorful genre scenes from France and Italy compose Zucker's second one man show. His rather impressionistic style has been somewhat refined since his previous exhibition. These oils do not quite approach post-impressionism, as they remain more pictorial statements of events than emotional experiences derived from events. Similar to the impressionists in coloring, he has no fear of using lots of it, often several hues in one brush stroke. His scenes are busy, and some, unfortunately, so loosely knit that they seem to go off the canvas. In *Cita Morta*, which is particularly restive, the placing of two small figures dueling in the center attempts to prevent this, but fails to do so. Better composed than most and charming in color is *Square in Positano*. A family grouping in the foreground holds your attention within the picture. (Milch, to Jan. 22.) —C.L.F.

Elie Borgrave

Two themes make up the subject matter of these eight paintings in this first one-man show—formalized interiors or still-life and semi-abstract marine and ship motifs, ranging from small to sizeable pictures. The smaller abstractions are least interesting.

The larger interiors give the artist more room to display his compositional ideas which are based on the flattened interior patterns of an artist such as Matisse. He is a good designer, although his of color sometimes destroys the flatness that he wants to achieve. The color is extremely dry and mat, the result of applying the paint on an absorbent surface, but there are many finely muted color passages in the pictures. (Stable, Jan. 12 to Feb. 2.) —V.C.

New York Society of Women Artists

The 13th annual exhibition is a large one with oils not only outnumbering but out-ranking the other media, which include 20 pieces of sculpture. Though members are showing up to four examples each, single works stand out: Emma Ehrenreich's *Safed*, a geometric impression of a village having oriental overtones; Lena Gurr's canvas, *Dusk*, a roof-top scene, has interesting spatial devices; *High Wind* by Naomi Lorne and Ann Cole Philips' *Card Players* make use of expressionistic textures; and Lillian Orloff applies some handsome colors to an ambitious subject, *Pieta*. (National Academy.) —S. B.

Four-Man Show

It is Gerson Leiber who clearly dominates this group in quality, especially with his *Roadside Feature*, a large and impressive canvas, which takes some wise cues from

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the late Gorky in its subtle interweaving of churning, elegantly colored forms with a taut, spidery line. By contrast, Roger Jorgenson's large abstraction with its sinuous rhythms of twisting blue forms upon a yellow background looks a little facile and obvious. The other two artists shown, Steve Wada and Wilma Barron, are a large cut below these. Wada works in a realistic vein, and his broad style is dangerously close to being merely loose-jointed and sloppy. Barron is more meticulous in her tidy abstractions, but her works suffer from a surfeit of sugary pastel colors and a certain emptiness which is not alleviated by the intricate linear structure. (Matrix, Jan. 3-22.)—R.R.

Baranik

Showing a group of abstractions derived from figurative images, all painted in modest schemes of yellows, grays, and ivories in black outlines, Baranik reveals an uncertainty about the direction of his current efforts. What power these works have derives from their formal aspect, from their ability to project shapes with a forthright painterly force. Hence it is remarkable that the artist clings to certain representational scaffoldings — notably in the melodramatic *Old Woman* — which do not seem really congenial to his talents. Both his color and his formal inventiveness, best revealed in *Northern Light* and *Dawn*, indicate an emerging sensibility which has not yet defined its goals. (ACA, to Jan. 15.)—H.K.

George Tooker

He has many similarities to a surrealist, but unlike a surrealist he does not make you believe what he doesn't feel exists. His work cries out, not loud but plaintively, for a "wasteland" world and its victims. Like the surrealists he employs a realistic and precise technique making his depressing conceptions very convincing. One senses futility in his *Dancers*, three harassed figures in a game of ring-around-the-rosy. His introspection of people is clever and one will notice they are usually filled with fear, anxiety or despair as in *Subway*, an outstanding work on loan from the Whitney Museum. This composition of converging planes is an extraordinarily interesting one. Almost enveloping the viewer, *Divers* has a strong personal quality. The rounded sculptural boy in the foreground stares forlornly straight out from the canvas. All of his oils have great depth owing to his wide use of line perspective, but whatever his approach, his work is stimulating. (Hewitt, to Jan. 29.)—C.L.F.

Taro Yamamoto

Manic and madcap, Yamamoto's color-forms dance their helter-skelter rhythms in a pace which is reminiscent of Rene Clair's comedies.

Yamamoto, winner of the Art Students League's Edward G. McDowell Traveling Scholarship in 1953, is a painter who has yet to become a consistent composer: engaging in a sadistic love-play with colored pigment, he spills, swipes, smears or knives paint like an adagio dancer manhandling his partner. The results are nearly always fascinating, and when the relationships which he establishes (almost melting, at times, with the heat of his intensity) ar-

rive at an order out of their first chaotic impact—as in *Still Life* or *Ninth Symphony*—a fauvist beauty, juicy and gaudy, results. (Arts Students League, to Jan. 29.)—S.F.

Ethiopian Painting

Created recently, but conceived in the centuries-old classical Coptic tradition, these paintings, either as separate scenes or —Sunday comic-page fashion—in a series of panels, depict the legend of the Queen of Sheba's journey to King Solomon, the upshot of this visit being a child, fathered by the wise king, from whom the kings of Ethiopia are descended.

Drawn with black outlines around even, clean colors, the stories are told with a simple directness and a solemn naive charm. (Segy, to Jan. 31.)—S.F.

Robert Courtright

In their experiments with collage, the Parisian School had applied materials to their picture surfaces less in imitation of already existing objects and more as textures in themselves, serving the picture's needs. Robert Courtright's collages aim rather to imitate the stone or marble surfaces of the European architecture which he depicts, so that the effect is reduced to pleasantly patched approximations of



Baranik: *Northern Light*

watercolor renderings by architectural draughtsmen.

Two effective exceptions here are interpretations of shells in which textures function in freedom from their naturalistic connotations. (New, to Jan. 8.)—S.F.

Arts Club Watercolors

These 131 pictures are for the most part romantic realist in style and belong to that strong tradition of academic and illustrative water colors. John Laval's *Santiago da Campostella*, one of the prize winners, is a competent example of washes applied in that genre. Chen Chi, however, gives it an oriental flavor, using the long proportions of the Chinese silk painting to enlarge the sense of weariness and solitude about *A Man and A Cart*. (National Arts Club, to Dec. 20.)—S.B.

Kapfenberger

An enormous bronze bust of Lincoln with his eyes closed in meditation; *Peace*, interpreted as a large pair of bronze hands cupped over a crucifix; a symmetrical stone casting called *Mother Earth* with rows of

figures in dramatic postures approaching from both sides toward a central grave and several others on religious subjects, plaster sketches and full-sized plaster casts make up Joseph Kapfenberger's first one-man show.

These works will please the people who like best to recognize forms and poses that are familiar on certain monuments and in store windows, that sentimental naturalism which depends mainly upon provoking "emotion by association." (Kottler, to Jan. 15.)—S.B.

Richard Roberts, Ronnie Cutler

In Roberts' most characteristic works, broadly simplified tree trunks stand silhouetted like sentinels against the picture plane, framing a distant landscape animated by dappled, though muted, colors. The results are rewarding both pictorially and imaginatively, evoking a fairy-like atmosphere of quiet reverie and remoteness.

If Miss Cutler's artistic personality is somewhat less clearly discernible, her viewpoint is comparably intimate. At best, as in *Pink Evening*, she plays off the lively profile of a castellated building against a mottled pink sky. (Karnig, Jan. 4 to 29.)—R.R.

William Boughton

Florida subjects are recognizable in many of these oils: fishes, hanging nets and mosses, old men hunting birds, swampy forests are done in washes, with subdued hues that blend in puddled patterns.

On the other hand there are pictures such as *Evergrowing Obsession* that are done in a hard drip style. In this instance a small central figure is threatened and imprisoned by a network of black with mixed intense colors. A third style, and the most interesting, is represented by *Prophetic Duty* where the outlines of figures in bullfighting costume are placed in a montage effect against the streets of a red-brown village. (Serigraph, to Jan. 24.)—S.B.

Alfred Rogoway

The lush play of bright reds, greens and oranges against opulent purples animate Rogoway's decorative and handsome semi-abstractions. Though Rogoway leans towards the romantic, his rough and tortured manipulation of pigment gives his pictures a deeper emotional expressiveness. At times their taciturnity is compatible with the almost primitive crudity of his style, while in others it all but negates the classic-like poses of his female figures. The large and ambitious *The Legend* best indicates the conceptual imaginativeness and compositional authority of this painter. Its abstract arrangement of forms flow rhythmically throughout while the color has a plastic function lacking in some of the other paintings. (Barone, Jan. 4-30.)—A.N.

Raymond Thayer

Many aspects of the New England scene have been presented in these watercolors as well as its seasonal variations of snow, autumn splendor, faint stirrings of spring and opulence of summer. They reveal sensitive vision and are recorded in admirable patterns, in which line, mass and apposite color are ably related in a totality of impression. They convey the character of each scene, emphasizing its essentials

and avoiding irrelevant, frittering detail. Also included is a lyrical *Nightingale*, in which the figure is involved in the all-over blue of the surface so that it becomes a charming fantasy. (Jean Bohde.)—M.B.

Frank McPhelin

Forms and motifs from the repertory of modernism preside over this first one-man exhibition: futuristic details in *St. George and the Dragon*, Chagall-esque fantasy in *Two Lovers in a Bush*, the forms of Arp in *Ovals*, the brush-work of Dufy in *Cathedral and Landscape* and the collage techniques of Gris and Picasso in several works. The giant playing card, also titled *St. George and the Dragon* (# 5 in the catalogue) asserts a poster-like force. (Barzansky, Jan. 10-22.)—H.K.

Mark Dorfman

At his first one-man show, Dorfman, not yet out of college, shows watercolors and oils (mostly on paper) which display a quick-witted but essentially glib understanding of current abstract mannerisms. The results are a rehearsal of gestures and "accidents" which remain unfulfilled. However, as he is obviously a painter who finds these media congenial to his sensibility, one suspects the work of his maturity will exceed these defects. (Jorgen, to Jan. 7.)—H.K.

Edna Palmer Engelhardt

Competent watercolors which illustrate life on a Pennsylvania farm with an unsentimental objectivity, but convey the wholesome pastoral character of the land and the people who live in harmony with its rich productivity. (Grand Central, to Jan. 18.)—S.F.

Olav Mosebekk

A show of crayon drawings by a Norwegian artist which states its realistic figures with a stylized breadth, making flat patterns of soft-toned whites and grays, and intensifying their decorative simplicity with black outlines into an astringent clarity. (Serigraph, to Jan. 24.)—S.F.

Florence Weinstein

Painted into gentle luminosity, Florence Weinstein's amorphous forms exist in a slow mobility, concerned less with local intensities than with evenly distributed flowings, as evocative as colored clouds or demure bouquets which invite the observer's attention without making clamorous demands upon it.

Their order is more suggested than stated with finality, in relationships which are approximate rather than rigidly precise.

(New, to Jan. 22.)—S.F.

Perdalma Group

These small, odd-shaped paintings and drawings make a sprightly seasonal offering ranging stylistically from impressionistic pointillism to abstract-expressionism. Joyce Weinstein and Stanley Boxer are delicate and colorful impressionists, while James Andrews looks to Cézanne in his nudes and landscapes. Closer to the abstract, Jay Soeder and Ariadna Liebau have a purer and more symbolic vision. Liebau's *Petals* and *Weeping Willow* were particularly satisfying. Others in this diverse showing are Boswell, Brenner, Keiffer, Klausner and Zutrau. (Perdalma.)—A.N.

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Mark Rothman: *Figure by Moonlight*

Haitian Paintings

The attractions of primitive painting—its candor of expression and its bold and unexpected patterns of flat, brightly colored forms—are offered in abundance by this group of Haitian pictures organized to honor the publication of Selden Rodman's new book on the Caribbean island. There are fresh and vivid scenes of the provincial market or local pageantry by masters like Castera Bazile or Philome Obin, in which a detailed record of fares, masks, street objects is wedded to an over-all pictorial order, as well as such deliciously ingenuous interpretations of traditional religious iconography as Toussaint Auguste's *Adam and Eve*, with its sinister serpent. And at times, as in Obin's *Crucifixion of Peralte*, an effect of stark and monumental tragedy is achieved, in which a national martyr and his mother are transformed into the image of Christ and the Virgin.

Some of the painters are less "primitive" in their knowing handling of values to create plasticity. Among these are Enguerand Gourgue, whose paintings are impressively somber and hieratic, dealing with the more mysterious aspects of native life—Zombies, gravestones, the Mardi Gras; and Wilson Bigaud, whose compact, controlled figure groupings and acidulous color schemes surpass the realm of the genuine primitive in their conscious pictorial skill. I would single out for special praise Micius Stephane's *Mariners' Funeral*, in which three black figures grimly hover above the deceased, bounded on either side by glowing orange funeral pyres. This is a painting which almost beats the expressionists at their own game. (Gallery G)—R.R.

Mark Rothman

Exhibiting work which is representational in some cases and semi-abstract in others, this young painter still retains influences of Morris Graves, Max Weber and Abraham Rattner in his paintings. Occasionally his subject matter is symbolically or allegorically evocative, interpreted with dark outlines and harmonious color. (Panoras, to Jan. 15.)—S.F.

Ernest Albert Land

Like the whiskey-ad roses enclosed in a block of ice, the flowers and other objects of

these recently shown fool-the-eye oils were rendered into stereo-photographic illusionism, as if freshly cast in a transparent cabinet. (Grand Central)—S.F.

Davis Group

A select group of paintings and drawings, all quite small, are exhibited here. Notable among them are the brilliant creations of Rosenberg and several poetic landscapes in oil by Remenick. Shikler, Levine and Sylbert make up the remaining roster, and they are joined by a selection of 19th century American watercolors and drawings. (Davis, to Jan. 8.)—H.K.

Panoras Group

Among a mixed assembly, all media, most of the pictures small-sized, the decorative abstracts carried the field: *Suite in Blue* by Romas Viesulas; Henry Newman's patterns and masonite; and a *Black Collage* by Marion Greenstone. (Panoras.)—H.K.

Pierino Group

Paintings by Earl Kerkam, Milton Avery, Alfred Jensen, Giuseppe Napoli, Franz Kline and Harold Wacker, some of them exhibited here before, with outstanding contributions in Kerkam's dynamic drawing of a head, black-brushed on red, and Kline's striking *Study in Black and White*. (Galleria Pierino, to Jan. 5.)—S.F.

The Three Kingdoms

Animal, vegetable, and mineral are the leitmotifs of this show. The artistic viewpoints involved, however, are so varied that one quickly loses sight of these themes and looks at the pictures as individual items. Doing this, one soon discovers several lively items, among which I would mention Oronzo Gasparo's stippled green cat; a delicate and suavely colored landscape by Helen Protas; and the richly textured abstractions of Sally Duval. (Caravan)—R.R.

Kottler Group

Eight artists are showing oils, gouaches and watercolors in styles as various as Phoebe Dixon-Berger's *The Red Tree*, a deliberate primitive, and Charles Timoshek's semi-abstract fantasies. Lisl Beer has two very similar dock subjects in soft hues, planned as diagonal compositions. Lucian Genici has an appealing gouache, *Rue de Buc*. (Kottler, to Jan. 2.)—S.B.

Rauschenberg

Since he is determined to avoid the responsibility of an artist, it is better that he should show blank canvases rather than the contraptions that he has hung in this side show. (Egan, to Jan. 18.)—H.C.

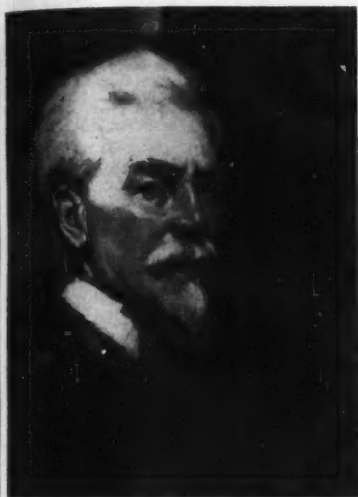
Bernard Bovasso

With their undulating, tentacular forms and spiralling rhythms, Bovasso's canvases suggest some sort of cosmic explosion, and the titles often bear out such an implication. Although in general there is little to offset the writing movements of these paintings, occasionally as in *Diana of the Night*, they are wisely countered by more stable rectilinear forms. The watercolors and drawings are more delicate in scale and color, and at their best, demonstrate an elegant, if meandering calligraphy. (4 Directions, Jan. 7 to 29.)—R.R.

Julius Rolshoven Memorial

A memorial exhibition of the paintings of Julius Rolshoven is currently installed at the New Mexico Art Gallery in Santa Fe. The works on view, many of them executed in Europe, include a self-portrait, interiors, portraits, nudes and a group of Indian paintings. Rolshoven adhered to the principles of the old masters, devoting his energies to the kind of finished surfaces which occupied the generation of Sargent and Whistler, and this devotion is evident throughout his many subjects.

Forty works are included in the exhibition, in oil, tempera and drawing media.



Julius Rolshoven: Self-portrait

continued from page 13

Christmas Visit

"Do not think, master," I replied, "that all the world adores abstract art. A famous scholar named Bernard Berenson calls this abstract art of our time 'visual atheism.'"

Much to my surprise, the master withheld assent to the Berenson dictum. "Art," said he, "must be a living organism; must, like all living things, grow and change—for better or worse. What Time, the one infallible critic, will decree is not for me to say. If I were to preach to living artists, I would only say: Be true to thyself. Let each work be judged by itself alone. And to the collector I would say, 'Look at paintings, not through your ears, but your eyes.'"

"You told me, friend Cobalt, that in this great U.S. there are a quarter million artists. This book from M. Barr seems to show that his great Museum owns the works of only some 300. What of the vast majority? Do they unite to do battle and earn a place for themselves? Are they aware that curators and trustees frequently back the wrong horse? Does the art press of your country grovel to the museums, instead of supporting the creators of art? Wake up, Seurat. We must be off. M. Ingersoll invites us to see my *Bathers* in Philadelphia; M. Rich expects us to view your *Grand Jatte*.

His voice died away. The fire had flickered out. The room was in darkness and very cold. I made my way across the studio. I switched on the electric light. My guests had vanished. M. Cézanne had forgotten his hat. I leave it.

Merry Xmas, Aristede."

When I put down Cobalt's notes I looked for the hat but it was not there.

Obituary

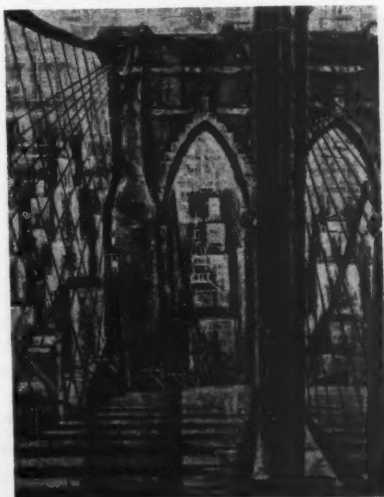
Joseph Scharl

The artist Joseph Scharl died on December 6. Born in Munich in 1896, Scharl had an active career as an artist in Germany before exiling himself to the U.S. at the time of the Hitler regime in the 30s. He had his first one-man show in America at the Nierendorf Gallery in 1941. His most recent exhibition was held at the Galerie St. Etienne this past fall.

Who's News

David Fredenthal is now associated with the Milch Galleries in New York . . . The board of trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago have unanimously elected vice president Everett D. Graff to take over the duties of the late president, Chauncey McCormick . . . The 9th Southeastern annual exhibition at the High Museum of Art, Atlanta, Georgia, has awarded the following prizes: \$500 first prize in oils to George Cress, \$300 second prize to Delores Kennedy, \$200 each to Emil Holzhauser and David Reese for watercolors, and \$100 to Howard Thomas, also watercolor . . . The Herbert Adams Memorial medal of the National Sculpture Society has been awarded to the American sculptor Lee Lawrie . . . The Pasadena Art Museum has announced purchase prizes to the following artists in the 6th San Gabriel Valley Artists exhibition: Douglas A. McClellan, Paul Darrow, Leonard Edmondson, and Marian Moule . . . sculpture Bernard Rosenthal and mosaic muralist Joe Young have been selected to design and execute the architectural-art for the new Temple Emanuel in Beverly Hills, California. The building is being designed by architect Sidney Eisenshtat . . . The Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation has announced the following scholarship awards; painting: \$2000—Cleade E. Enders, New York, \$2000—Richard Roberts, New York, \$2000—Norman Rubington, New Haven, \$1500—Leon Applebaum, East St. Louis, Ill., \$1500—Robert A. Martin, Philadelphia, \$1000—Frank Campanella, Brooklyn, \$1000—Vincent Malta, Brooklyn; sculpture: \$2000—Granville W. Carter, Augusta, Maine, \$1000—Karl O. Karhumaa, Detroit; graphic arts: \$1000—Norma G. Morgan, New York, \$1000—John Muench, Lovell, Maine, \$1000—John T. Ross, Englewood, N. J., \$500—Richards Ruben, Los Angeles, and \$500—Vera Torkanowsky, New York.

Emil Holzhauser: *The Bridge*. Winner, 9th Southeastern Annual, Atlanta



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prizes of \$100 and \$50. Write Victor Black-
well, Supervisor, Ball State Teachers College
Art Gallery, Muncie, Indiana.

New Orleans, Louisiana

54TH SPRING ANN. ART ASSOCIATION OF
NEW ORLEANS. Feb. 27-March 22. Work
due: Feb. 9. Membership fee: \$5. Cash
prizes. Write to Exhibition, Delgado Museum
of Art, City Park-Lelong Ave., New Orleans
19, La.

New York, New York

18TH INTERNATIONAL WATERCOLOR SHOW,
Brooklyn Museum. May 4-June 12. Work due:
March 10 and 11 only. Special viewing for
artists not represented by a New York
gallery will be held March 12. Write: Brook-
lyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn 38,
N. Y.

New York, New York

88TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, AMERICAN WA-
TERCOLOR SOCIETY. National Academy Gal-
leries, April 6-24. Prize: \$1000, and others.
Fee: \$5.00 for two labels. Jury. Work due:
March 24. Write to Cyril A. Lewis, 175 Fifth
Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

10TH (WINTER) LILLIPUT QUARTERLY, SMALL
PAINTINGS. Feb. 2-18 & Feb. 23-Mar. 11.
Media: all. Awards: one- and two-man shows.
Bring samples: Jan. 12, 14, 19, 21, 3-7 P.M.
Lilliput House, 231½ Elizabeth Street, New
York City.

New York, New York

NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY 16TH ANN.
INTERNAT'L EXHIBITION. April 19-May 14.
Serigraph Galleries. Open to all artists.
Media: original serigraphs only (no photo-
graphic stencils). Entry fee: \$1. Jury. Five
cash awards. Entry blanks and work due
on or before March 15. Foreign section: no
fee. Write to Doris Meltzer, Serigraph Gal-
leries, 38 W. 57 Street, New York 18.

New York, New York

FRESCO COMPETITION, auspices of the Ma-
garet Blake Fellowship, Skowhegan School
of Painting and Sculpture. Open to all ar-
tists, for the decoration in fresco of the cel-
ing of the South Solon Meeting House in
South Solon, Maine. Prizes: \$150 and \$75.
Closing date: May 10. Write to Skowhegan
School, 2 West 14th St., New York 11, N. Y.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

16TH ANN. EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN
COLOR PRINT SOCIETY. March 7-25, at The
Print Club, Philadelphia. All color print
media. Jury; prizes. Entry fee \$2 for non-
members. Entry fee & card due Feb. 14.
Work due: Feb. 23. Write to Katharine R.
McCormick, 300 W. Upsal St., Philadelphia,
Pa. (Prints should be sent to the Print Club,
1616 Yaterimer St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.)

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

29TH ANN. EXHIBITION OF WOOD ENGRAV-
ING, WOODCUTS & BLOCK PRINTS. The
Print Club of Philadelphia. Feb. 4-25. Entry
blanks due: Jan. 14. Entry fee: \$1.25 for non-
members. Work due: Jan. 20. Jury; prizes.
Write to The Print Club, 1614 Latimer Street,
Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Norwich, Connecticut

12TH ANN. EXHIBITION, Norwich Art As-
sociation. March 13-27. Converse Art Gallery.
Open to Connecticut artists only. All media.
Fee: \$2 for non-members. Jury; prizes. Work
due: March 5-8. Write to Joseph P. Guadagnoli,
Norwich Art School, Norwich, Conn.

Sarasota, Florida

SARASOTA ART ASSOCIATION FIFTH AN-
NUAL MEMBERS' EXHIBITION, March 6-April
1. Members only. Limited membership \$5.
Media: All. Jury. \$600.00 cash prizes. Work
due Feb. 17. Write Sarasota Art Association,
P.O. Box 1907, Sarasota, Florida.

Washington, D. C.

24TH CORCORAN BIENNIAL, Corcoran Gal-
lery of Art. March 13-May 8. Media: oil,
tempera and encaustic (not previously exhib-
ited in Washington). Open to all artists in
U.S.; jury; prizes: \$500-\$2000. Entries in New
York: Jan. 8, in Washington, Jan. 14. Write
to Hermann W. Williams, Jr., secretary and
director, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington
6, D. C.

Washington, D. C.

58TH ANN. NATIONAL EXHIBITION of the
Washington Watercolor Club. National Col-
lection of Fine Arts. March 6-25. Open to all
artists. Media: watercolor, pastel & graph-
ics. Entry cards due: Feb. 19. Works due:
Feb. 25. Jury & cash prizes. Write to Marie
Foshaq, Washington Watercolor Club, 3201
Westwood Dr., Washington 16, D. C.

Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA, KANSAS, ART ASSOCIATION 11TH
NATIONAL DECORATIVE ARTS-CERAMIC
EXH. April 11-May 11. Fee: \$3. Entries due:
March 8-15. Jury; prizes. Write to Mrs.
Maude Schollenberger, 401 North Belmont
Ave., Wichita, Kansas.

Youngstown, Ohio

20TH ANN. MID-YEAR SHOW, The Butler In-
stitute of American Art, July 1-Labor Day.
Open to artists in U. S. & territories. Media:
oil & Watercolor. Prizes: total \$5000. Entry
fee. Jury. Work due: June 3. Write to the
Secretary, Butler Institute of American Art,
Youngstown 2, Ohio.

Scholarships

The Cranbrook Academy of Art is offering
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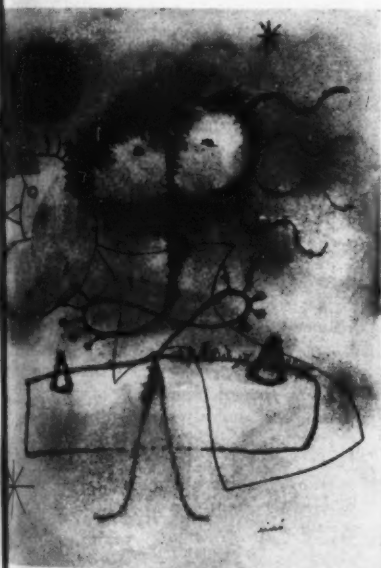
Auctions

McBride Collection on Sale

Paintings, drawings and prints from the private collection of the American art critic Henry McBride, one of the first champions of the modern movement, will be auctioned at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on the evening of January 19 at 8 p.m. More than 50 works will be included in the sale, many of them by figures whom Mr. McBride was the first to recognize as authentic artists. Among the works in the collection are a portrait of McBride by Pascin, a Leger watercolor, prints by Villon, Dubuffet, Hopper, Braque and Walkowitz, and others by Maurer, Kuniyoshi, Weber and Avery.

Commenting on the sale, which has been made necessary by his quitting both his New York apartment and his country house, where the works have been hung, Mr. McBride remarks, "... parting with the watercolors of John Marin, Charles Demuth, Joan Miró, Fernand Leger, Jules Pascin and Pavel Tchelitchew, is more than parting with my pictures, it is like parting with my youth, for we all grew up together, and the pictures are relics of friendships as well as of prophecies that have now come true. At the time when the first Marin was given to me, only a few of us knew who he was and what he was, but now everybody seems to know..."

The collection will be on view from January 15.



Femmes, Oiseau, Etoiles

Auction Calendar

January 6-7-8, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Queen Anne and Georgian furniture, antique Chinese and Persian rugs, etc. Property of the estate of the late Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly. Exhibition from December 30.

January 11-12, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Bibliographies, first editions, arts and crafts books, various languages. Exhibition from January 4.

January 12, 8:00 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Dutch, Flemish and French 17th, 18th century paintings, also primitive and Renaissance works and 19th century examples. Property of Charles S. Towers and other collectors. Includes works by Rembrandt, van Goyen, de Hooch, Guardi and Gainsborough. Exhibition from January 8.

January 12-14-15, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture, gold and enamel boxes, porcelain, rugs, etc. Property of Princess Gabrielle Liechtenstein and other owners.

January 19, 8:00 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern paintings, drawings and prints from the collection of Henry McBride and the estate of the late Millicent A. Rogers, and others. Includes examples of Miró, Leger, Matisse, Dali, Pissarro, Chagall, and Picasso. Exhibition from January 15.

January 20-21-22, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. 18th century English and American furniture, Staffordshire and Whieldon ware, etc. From the estate of the late Mildred B. Vanderbilt. Exhibition from January 15.

Letters continued from page 4

up of the medieval world, might have figured in the decline of the art of stained glass. That the past involves more, I hope I can see as readily as I can see that Mr. Sowers has, in fact, discussed more than "the snobbist, ruinously successful efforts of Renaissance painters." When I read (p. 62) that "it will be seen that most of the revolutionary developments in the plastic arts of the last hundred years have still taken place within the pattern of the production of *objets d'art* for the delectation of the connoisseur," I can only conclude that Mr. Sowers considers easel painting, among other arts, as some type of crime that has continued unrepentant until our day. If he is not accusing painters of a lack of foresight in raising, as he feels they have done, "the prestige of easel painting at the expense of all the other traditional mural arts," is he then, charging them with deliberate malice?

I confess I do not find Mr. Sowers' "visual evidence" so visibly relevant to the point that was in question, nor do I find, in my words, that he has proposed the re-establishment of medieval monuments. Finally, I assure him that my admiration has not been constricted. Mr. Sowers admires the windows at Chartres and sees Picasso's *Girl Before the Mirror*, with slight praise, as "an exceptional painting by current standards," but commanding "neither the scale nor the conviction of the traditional artisan whose image bespeaks the accumulated wisdom of untold generations." Since I do not share that patently correct evaluation, I shall have to take my place amongst those "birds" who admire them both.

James Mellow
Boston, Mass.

Commendation

To the Editor:

I want to commend you on your open letter to the Whitney Museum, and 1,000 times commend you on "Why, Mr. Taylor?" Can we have a sequel to the latter entitled "Why Mr. Taylor?"

I have observed this gentleman in action in the hinterlands of Ohio, before coming to the Oklahoman, and I'm sure he is at his most expansive out where the air blows fresh, and naive Westerners drink down his flattery like champagne. Keep him reminded of his size, won't you? It is a public beneficence.

Aline Jean Treanor
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Memorial Exhibition

Reginald Marsh will be the subject of a large memorial exhibition at the Whitney Museum in April. The show will be one of the major events in the museum's opening season at its new quarters on West 54th Street in New York.



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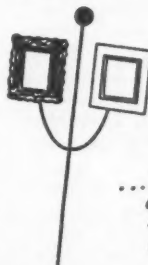
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Education by Charles H. Sawyer

The Liberal Arts College, the Art School, and the Artist

Stewart Klonis sets up a straw man in his article, "Can Colleges Create Artists?", in a past issue of ARTS DIGEST. Who indeed, has ever said or presumed that colleges can create artists? Can art schools create artists?

I have always assumed that artists were primarily self-generated and that all the institution or individual teacher—art school or college—can do about it is to provide certain stimuli: insights based on the instructors' experience; technical and perceptual knowledge and comprehension; a sense of perspective; some cultural background; an awareness of one's own environment and the potential role of the artist in relation to it. It is a large assignment requiring some philosophical order and sense of direction if the stimuli are to take effect. They are indeed the aims of a liberal education.

Are we to infer from Mr. Klonis that the art school, by concentrating on the techniques of its craft and by encouraging communication from artist-teacher to student, presumes to create the artist? What kind of artist do we encourage under such a system: individuals with breadth, maturity, and potentiality for growth, or imitators of the latest cliché to emanate from their studio leader or "me-tooers" of the latest fashions of 57th street?

College art departments, like the institutions of which they form a part, are concerned with the training of the *whole man* and with nourishing the intellect and the spirit, as well as the vision, of its students. No art department with pretensions such as Mr. Klonis assumes for them or a program of study as shallow and superficial as the ones he sets forth by way of example would last long in a self-respecting liberal arts college or university. As far as the arts are taught as part of the great humanistic tradition, they do not encourage a respect for the easy road, the once-over-lightly, as Mr. Klonis implies.

Admittedly, there is less technical instruction and fewer work hours in the studio available in the college art major than in the standard art school curriculum. Isn't the real criteria or standard of evaluation, however, not the number of man hours spent on the drawing board but the quality, intensity, and effectiveness of the teaching and the philosophy which guides it? Why the presumption that the art school or the individual artist has a universal monopoly on these qualities?

Where college art departments may differ widely in their means of approach and general effectiveness, they will be more united today on acknowledgment of objectives. To most of them it is no longer valid to teach a beginning art student exclusively in the techniques, perspectives, and objectives of the painter. In their opinion, an artist to survive in our society must have a broader base and range, and experience a variety of mediums and materials before he makes a definitive decision to concentrate

on one of them. That is why, while recognizing Mr. Klonis' own school, with its distinguished roster of painter-artist-teachers, as one of the best post-college or post-graduate training centers in the arts of painting and sculpture, we would at the same time question its influence on the aspiring young artist who embarks on a professional career directly out of high school. As the Sears-Roebuck of the professional art schools, the Art Students' League bears a heavy measure of responsibility for encouraging the adolescent student to limit his own perception and experience at the very moment when he most requires an enlargement of his horizons.

It is more fun and a lot easier to throw pebbles through the other fellow's windows than to mend one's own. In these remarks I have followed Stewart Klonis' example and set up a straw man of insularity and provincialism which many of the art schools



Charles H. Sawyer

are making an honest and courageous effort to overcome. I say more power to these, for the liberal arts college should have no monopoly on the objectives of a liberal education, and I am a firm believer in the specific contributions of the visual arts to that goal. Let us agree with Mr. Klonis that education in the liberal arts—as in the visual arts—is a continuing experience, beginning for some in their own home environment and continued outside of classroom walls. For some brought up in the specific environment of the arts and the artist, the program of the college art department or the professional art school may be equally redundant. We all spend a considerable proportion of our time as teachers filling gaps which previous educational experience or environment might have been expected to supply.

I also have sympathy for Mr. Klonis' observations in relation to degrees in the arts and their use as a criteria for fitness for teaching or practice. Certainly, a degree means little or nothing unless it is a true symbol of the recipient's competence and creative ability as artist or teacher. Too frequently it isn't. Art students tend to have an exaggerated opinion of their own ability to teach without benefit of maturity or professional experience; this wishful thinking is frequently induced by the lack

of other adequate professional opportunities in the arts. Both the Art School and the College Art Department must share the responsibility, however, if they allow their student to believe that teaching in the arts is just a by-product of their training—the means for more leisure time for painting.

We return to Mr. Klonis' original point—that college art departments make claims for their programs in the arts that they cannot fulfill. Quite probably some of them are guilty. Most of the art programs of the liberal arts colleges with which I am most familiar, make no pretension or assumption of providing a complete professional training in the visual arts or in any professional field. Those with well balanced programs in theory and practice, do provide their students with an excellent basic training in the arts; while they tend to emphasize the development of perception rather than technical skills in their students, they also encourage a decent humility in their students as to the degree and scope of their accomplishments. From such a background, a student may approach a more advanced and specialized technical training or experience in some branch of the arts—possibly at a professional art school—with some confidence in his continued freedom of choice and in his ability to adapt himself to the opportunities which come his way.

My final point, then, is that I see the role of the college art department and the professional art school as essentially complementary rather than competitive. Realizing, of course, that the economic rewards in the arts do not permit the long way around for many, I continue to see virtues in the combination of a liberal arts background with a specific art training. In seeing a need for higher standards and for intensification of training and experience through all branches of the arts, I would guess that Mr. Klonis and I are largely in agreement. There is room, I believe, both for the general perspective of the liberal arts college and the specific mission of the professional or technical school. There is also opportunity for partnership between them—based on some mutual respect and understanding of the others' problems and points of view. I suggest to Mr. Klonis that we give it a try.

Museum of Indigenous Art

A collection of primitive art amassed by Nelson A. Rockefeller over the last decade will form the basis of a new Museum of Indigenous Art, to be opened at 15 West 54th Street in New York later this year. The collection includes art objects from the Americas, Africa, Oceania, Asia and Europe, and will be exhibited for its esthetic rather than anthropological aspects.

René d'Harnoncourt, director of the Museum of Modern Art and a trustee of the new educational corporation, expressed the hope that other collectors would come forward to add to the museum's collection. Trustees, with Mr. d'Harnoncourt, are Mr. Rockefeller, Wallace K. Harrison, Louise A. Boyer and Nancy Hanks.

Calendar of Exhibitions

ALBANY, N. Y.
 Institute To Jan. 23: Winslow Homer Drawings; To Jan. 17: Le Vine
ANN ARBOR, MICH.
 Univ. Museum To Jan. 23: Mich. Prints; To Jan. 25: Japan Folk Art.
ATHENS, GA.
 Museum To Jan. 26: Ceramics.
ATLANTA, GA.
 Inst. of Tech. Jan. 9-30: Stained Glass.
BALTIMORE, MD.
 Institute To Jan. 19: Whistler Etch.; Walters To Jan. 30: Medieval Manuscripts, Costumes.
 Museum To Jan. 26: Manasse. Lithographs.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
 Paris Jan. 10-Feb. 12: E. Berman. Slaggy Fr. Mod.; 20th C. Amer.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
 Museum To Jan. 26: Zoellner; Five Schools.
BOSTON, MASS.
 Dall & Richards To Jan. 15: Group. Institute Jan. 5-Feb. 13: R. De-launay.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
 Albright Jan. 8-Feb. 6: Hartley, Knaths, Rattner.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
 Busch-Reisinger To Jan. 13: New Acquisitions; Mod. Ger.
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
 Cee College Pigs. from Guggenheim.
CHICAGO, ILL.
 Art Club To Jan. 29: Neuberger Coll.
 Art Institute To Jan. 31: Chinese Gold & Silver; Fr. Prints.
 Ill. Inst. Jan. 13-Feb. 11: Art Education Ex.
 Library To Jan. 29: V. Berdich; H. Martin.
 1020 Art Center To Jan. 15: Sculpt. & Drawgs.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
 Museum To Jan. 15: Good Design; To Jan. 24: Zao Wou-Ki.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
 Art Colony Jan. 9-Jan. 23: Penfield, Lichtenstein.
 Museum Jan. 7-Mar. 3: Tree of Life.
COCONUT GROVE, FLA.
 Mirell To Jan. 8: Magafan, Currie.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
 Gallery To Jan. 9: New Accessions.
DALLAS, TEX.
 Museum To Jan. 25: I. G. A. S. Prints.
DAVENPORT, IOWA
 Municipal Art Gallery To Jan. 26: Grandma Moses.
DAYTON, OHIO
 Art Institute Jan. N. Eng. Painters; Dayton Collections.
DES MOINES, IOWA
 Art Center Jan. 6-Jan. 30: Selection for Children.
EAST LANSING, MICH.
 State College Jan. 12-Feb. 2: Picasso Prints.
HARTFORD, CONN.
 Wadsworth To Jan. 30: Conn. Watercolor Soc. Ex.
HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.
 Hofstra To Jan. 14: Art Education Conf.
HOUSTON, TEX.
 Contemporary Arts Jan. 14-Feb. 20: Picasso.
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
 Galleries To Jan. 30: 1954 Jurors Show.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
 Herron Jan. 3-Jan. 30: Childhood Sketchbook Toulouse-Lautrec; Gavarni.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
 Nelson To Jan. 30: Ecclesiastical Art.
KEW GARDENS, N. Y.
 Bonist House To Jan. 27: 26 Israeli Artists.
LEXINGTON, KY.
 Univ. of Kentucky from Jan. 9: Mary S. Nay. Pigs.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
 Museum To Jan. 16: Prints and Drawings: Hoetger; Buffet.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
 Speed Museum To Jan. 10: British Lithos.; To Jan. 26: Pigs. by Turkish Children.
MANCHESTER, N. H.
 Carrier To Jan. 22: Japanese Calligraphy.
MILWAUKEE, WISC.
 Art Institute To Jan. 27: German Expressionism.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
 Institute To Feb. 27: Chinese Art. Walker To Jan. 9: Color Photo.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
 Museum Jan. 9-Jan. 30: Whistler Prints; Japan Color Prints.
MONTREAL, CANADA
 Museum To Jan. 16: P. Clark; Henri Masson.
NEWARK, N. J.
 Museum Art in Africa.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Delgado Museum To Jan. 25: Cont. Color Lithography; Philatelic Soc.
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.
 Towle To June: Silver.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
 Museums
 Brooklyn (Eastern Pkwy) To Feb. 27: Old Master Prints.
 City of N. Y. (5th at 103) To Feb. 1: N. Y. State Society of the Cincinnati.
 Cooper Union (Cooper Sq.) To Jan. 9: Decorated Book Papers.
 Cloisters (Ft. Tryon Pk) To Jan. 31: Spanish Medieval Art.
 Guggenheim (5th at 88) Jan.: Giacometti Retrospective.
 Jewish (5th at 92) American Jewish Tercentenary, "Under Freedom."
 Metropolitan (5th at 82) Jan.: Dutch Prints; Jan. 21-Feb. 27: Art of the Hebrew Tradition.
 Modern (11 W 53) To Jan. 30: Museum Coll; To Feb. 13: European Prints.
 National Academy (5th at 89) Jan. 20-Feb. 6: Audubon Society.
 Riverside (Riv. Dr. at 103) Jan. 9-30: Lee Hersch; Ralph Nelson Memorials.
 Roerich Academy (319 W 107) To Jan. 16: Group Six.
 Whitney (22 W 54) To Jan. 10: Selections-Perm. Coll; Jan. 12-Feb. 20: Cont. Amer. Annual.
 Galleries
 A.A.A. (711 5th at 55) Jan. 3-22: F. Taubes.
 A.C.A. (63 E 57) To Jan. 15: R. Baranik; Jan. 10-29: H. Rose.
 Alan (32 E 65) Jan. 4-22: G. L.K. Morris.
 Argent (67 E 59) To Jan. 15: I. B. Markell.
 Artists (851 Lex at 64) To Jan. 13: G. Campbell.
 A.L. (215 W 57) Jan. 10-29: T. Yamamoto.
 Babcock (38 E 57) Jan. 3-22: M. Friedman.
 Barone (202 E 51) Jan. 3-Feb. 1: A. Rogoway.
 Barzansky (664 Mad at 61) Jan. 10-22: McPhelin.
 Borgenicht (61 E 57) Jan. 3-22: G. Constant.
 Brown Stone (146 E 57) To Jan. 15: Norwegian Pigs.
 Cadby-Birch (21 E 63) Jan. 8-Feb. 11: Music.
 Caravan (132 E 65) To Jan. 29: Abstract & Non-Objective.
 Carnegie Hall (154 W 57) Jan. 4-28: "17" Magazine Awards.
 Carstairs (11 E 57) To Jan. 23: Dali.
 City Center (131 W 55) Jan. 5-30: Watercolors.
 Coeval (100 W 56) Jan. 8-29: J. Broch.
 Contemporary Arts (106 E 57) To Jan. 14: Budget Plan Collections; Jan. 3-21: E. Betts.
 Cooper (313 W 53) To Jan. 14: Group.
 Creative (108 W 56) Group.
 Crespi (205 E 58) Jan. 1-22: P. Crespi-Hostess Show.
 Davis (231 E 60) Jan. 15-Feb. 5: Painter's Portraits.
 Deitsch (51 E 73) Prints, by app't.
 Downtown (32 E 51) Amer. Art; Jan. 18-Feb. 12: Shahn.
 Durlacher (11 E 57) Jan. 4-29: J. Fosburgh.
 Duveen (18 E 79) Old Masters.
 Egan (46 E 57) To Jan. 18: Rauschenberg.
 Eggleston (969 Mad at 78) Group; Jan. 17-29: Dr. J. R. Schwartz.
 Eighth St. (33 W 8) Jan. 1-16: W. Fisher.
 Feigl (601 Mad at 57) Amer. & Europ.
 Ferargil (19 E 55) Contact F. N. Price.
 Fine Art Associates (41 E 57) Jan.: Fr. Pigs.
 Forum (822 Mad. at 68) To Jan. 25: Univ. of Miss.
 Four Directions (114 4th at 12) Jan. 7-29: B. Bovasso.
 Fried (40 E 68) Jan. 5-29: S. De-launay.
 Friedman (20 E 49) Jan.: Si Frankel.

Galerie Chalette (45 W 57) Jan.:
 Matisse Graphics.
Galerie de Braux (131 E 55) Jan.:
 Austrian Abstracts.
Gallerie G (200 E 58) Group.
Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) To Jan. 15: W. Roth.
Galleria Pierino (127 Macdougall) Group.
Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) Jan. 14-Feb. 5: 19 C. Wools, Graphics.
Gallerie 75 (30 E 75) Jan. 11-Feb.: Fr. Painters Today.
Gallerie 29 (217 W 29) Group.
Ganso (125 E 57) To Jan. 15: W. Pachner.
Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42) Jan. 5-18: E. Englehardt; Jan. 11-29: W. R. Leigh.
Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57) Jan. 8-15: L. Nevelson.
Hacker (24 W 58) Jan. 3-29: Val Teiberg.
Hall of Art (534 Mad at 55) Cont. Pigs.
Hansa (210 Cent. Pk. S.) To Jan. 16: R. Stankiewicz.
Hartert (22 E 58) Amer. & Europ. Heller (63 E 57) To Jan. 8-9: Americans; Jan. 11-29: C. Alston.
Hewitt (29 E 65) Jan. 10-29: G. Tooker.
Iolas (46 E 57) Jan.: Mathieu.
Jackson (22 E 66) Jan. 3-29: M. Hartley.
James (70 E 12) Jan. 3-23: C. Littler.
Janis (15 E 57) Jan. 3-29: Matta.
Jorgen (241 E 60) To Jan. 7: M. Dorfman.
Karnig (18 1/2 E 62) Jan. 4-29: Roberts & Cutler.
Kennedy 785 5th at 59) Jan.: Amer. Landscapes.
Kleemann (11 E 68) Jan.: 6 Fr. Painters.
Knoedler (14 E 57) Jan. 4-22: R. Oudot.
Kootz (600 Mad at 57) Jan. 3-22: G. Mathieu.
Korman (835 Mad at 69) Jan. 3-22: T. Boutis.
Kotler (108 E 57) Group; Jan. 10-22: J. Kaplanberger.
Kraushaar (32 E 57) Jan. 3-29: G. Rieckey.
Lilliput (231 1/2 Eliz.) Dylan Thomas; Tomlin Tributes-L. W. Pigs (Wed. & Fri. 3-7).
Little Studio (680 Mad) Jan. 10-21: Sm. Pigs.
Loft (302 E 45) To Jan. 20: Group; Jan. 18-Feb. 23: E. Rager.
Matisse (41 E 57) Jan.: Group.
Matrix (26 St. Mark's Pl) Jan. 3-22: 4 Man.
Mc Chou (320-B W 81) To Feb. 27: Chi Pai Shih.
Midtown (17 E 57) Jan. 4-22: Good Drawing.
Milch (55 E 57) Jan. 3-22: J. Zucker.
Morris (174 Waverly Pl) Jan. 10-22: Cont. Amer.
National Arts (15 Gram Pk) Jan. 9-27: Members Ann'l.
New (601 Mad at 57) Jan. 10-22: F. Weinstein.
Newhouse (15 E 57) Old Masters.
Newman (150 Lex at 30) Early Amer.
Newton (11 E 57) Group.
Niveau (962 Mad at 76) Jan. 4-15: Vlaminck.
Panoras (62 W 56) To Jan. 15: M. Rothman.
Parmo (1107 Lex) Group.
Parsons (15 E 57) Jan. 10-29: Boris Margu.
Passedot (121 E 57) Jan. 10-29: Boudas.
Pen & Brush (18 E 10) Jan. 2-24: Watercolors.
Perdama (110 E 57) Jan. 2-21: J. V. Soeder.
Peris (1016 Mad at 78) To Jan. 29: D. Austin.
Rehn (683 5th at 54) Jan. 3-22: Selected Pigs.
Roko (51 Grwch) Jan. 3-26: R. Farruggio.
Rosenthal (840 B'way at 13) Jan. 17-28: P. Hollister.
Saidenberg (10 E 77) Jan.: Picasso Graphics.
Salmagundi (47 5th) Jan. 9-28: Annual Auction.
Salpeter (42 E 57) Jan. 3-22: J. Kirschenbaum.
Schab (802 Mad at 57) Rare Prints.
Schaefer (32 E 57) To Jan. 15: B. Greene.
Schaeffer (52 E 58) Old Masters.
Schoneiman (63 E 57) Jan.: Fr. Mod. Sculptors (141 W 53) Group.
Sculpture Center (167 E 69) To Jan. 7: Sculpture, 1954.
Segy (708 Lex at 57) Jan. 10-31: Ethipian Ptg.

Seligmann (5 E 57) Jan. 17-Feb. 5: Early Etchings.
Seriograph (38 W 57) To Jan. 11: Gilt Fair; Jan. 11-24: W. Boughton; O. Mosebekk.
Stable (924 7th at 58) Jan. 10-28: Cy Twombly; Jan. 11-31: E. Borgrave.
Tanager (90 E 10) To Jan. 20: "By Invitation."
The Contemporaries (959 Mad at 75) Jan. 3-22: R. Beny.
Truda (6 Morton) Group.
Valentin (32 E 57) Jan. 11-Feb. 5: Reg Butler, Sculpt.
Van Dieman-Lilienfeld (21 E 57) To Jan. 16: O. Foss; F. Franck.
Village Art (39 Grove) Jan. 10-30: Oil Ann'l.
Viviano (42 E 57) Jan. 4-22: B. Perlin.
Walker (117 E 57) Jan.: Group.
Watson (1019 2nd at 54) Old Prints.
Wellons (70 E 58) Jan. 3-15: R. Schwartz.
Weyhe (794 Lex at 61) To Jan. 25: Bill Bomar.
Wildenstein (19 E 64) Selected Paintings.
Willard (23 W 56) To Jan. 8: Japanese Screens; Jan. 11-Feb. 5: Pigs for Rent.
Wittenborn (38 E 57) Jan.: K. Langetbacher.
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
 Smith Museum Jan.: J. Wright.
NORWALK, CONN.
 Silvermine To Jan. 7: J. Daugherty.
OAKLAND, CALIF.
 Mills Art Gallery To Jan. 10: M. Pollak; Guatemalan Etch.
PASADENA, CALIF.
 Museum To Jan. 9: Calif. Design; To Jan. 17: Y. Johnston.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
 Art Alliance Jan. 5-30: R. Tam; Dargis; R. Bloch; Lawrence; To Jan. 22: Lueders.
 Dublin Jan. 5-22: B. Crawford; S. Feinstein.
 Little Cont. Group.
 Lush To Jan. 20: L. Smith, F. Lachman.
 Mack To Feb. 1: J. R. Good.
 Museum Jan. 15-Feb. 13: Dali Jewels.
 Schurz Jan. 3-Feb. 11: A. Henselmann.
PHOENIX, ARIZ.
 Art Center To Jan. 30: H. L. McFee.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
 Arts and Crafts Jan. 9-Feb. 1: R. Simboli.
READING, PA.
 Museum To Jan. 15: Internat'l Circuit Ann'l.
RICHMOND, VA.
 Museum to Jan. 9: Wash. Prints.
ROANOKE, VA.
 Fine Arts Center To Jan. 18: Barnwell, Meagher, Young.
ROCKLAND, ME.
 Farnsworth Jan.: Wools. of W. Hemisphere.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Museum Jan. 11-Feb. 8: Rodin.
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
 Witte Museum Jan. 9-30: Keating, Tinkle.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
 Museum To Jan. 25: Young Europ. Painters.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.
 Museum To Jan. 9: Bruton, Intarsia; To Jan. 16: Religious Pigs.
SARASOTA, FLA.
 Ringling To Jan. 29: Sarasota Collections.
SEATTLE, WASH.
 Dussan Jan. 16-Feb. 9: Pegeen.
SIoux CITY, IOWA
 Art Center To Jan. 22: 20th C. Amer. Pigs.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
 Museum To Jan. 10: Alfred Duca.
TOLEDO, OHIO
 Museum To Feb. 13: Dutch Ptg.
TORONTO, CANADA
 Art Gallery Jan. 8-Feb. 9: Ontario Soc. of Artists.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
 Circulating Jan. 6-27: L. O. Monasterio.
 Corcoran Jan. 9-Feb. 13: Area Exhibition.
 Phillips Jan. 16-31: Canada Abstract.
 Smithsonian To Jan. 14: Bodmer Prints.
 Wilson Teachers To Jan. 14: R. Willis.
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.
 Lawrence Jan.: Arch. Photos.
WINNIPEG, CANADA
 Art Gallery To Jan. 23: Matisse.
WORCESTER, MASS.
 Museum To Jan. 9: Crowns in Christian Art.

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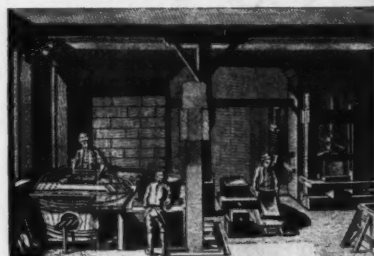
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